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State Capitols Compared

An Interesting Pen Sketch of a Number of the Larger Executive Buildings in the United States.

By Dr. Thos. C. VanTries.

Please observe that this article treats of the Capitol Buildings, and not of the Capitol Cities, of the United States.

The writer has visited, and been through, the larger and more imposing of those edifices. It would be impossible to give any elaborate description of them in a single article. A full and detailed account of any one of them would occupy all the space properly assigned to this article. Hence the writer's intention is to give merely a brief sketch of some of the larger and more important of them.

With the exception of New York and Pennsylvania, the size and dimensions of most of them do not differ very materially. Their architectural designs are largely the same; their principal difference consists mainly in their ornamentation and decorations. They are generally built of granite or marble. A few of the older ones are of brick. Nearly all of them have been either built, enlarged, or remodeled since the Civil war.

Boston has a large and imposing Capitol, built of granite, and remodelled and enlarged in 1905 at an expense of $5,000,000. Like many other places in Boston, it abounds in portraits and statues of its illustrious men. No city in the United States, except Washington, contains so much of historic interest, and these points are carefully marked and guarded. The citizens are very proud of their city, and they have a good right to be.

I do not have the dimensions of the Capitol at Albany, New York. It is probably as large as the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa. It is a stately and imposing edifice, built of granite some twenty-five or thirty years ago at an expense of $28,000,000. On investigation it was found that about $10,000,000 of this was graft. A considerable portion of the building has been destroyed by fire since I saw it. I know not what alterations or improvements may be made in the reconstructed building, if any since the fire.

Its location is unfortunate. Its surroundings are too circumscribed and limited for so large a building. The approach in front is by a flight of steps which I would estimate at nearly one hundred. I cannot speak advisedly of its internal decorations. No doubt they are fine.

Ohio has a plain, but massive and imposing building at Columbus, constructed of native limestone in the form of a rectangle. It has also an annex of the same material. In its internal arrangements it seems to conform to the general plan common to such buildings. The grounds around it are spacious and creditable.

At Indianapolis, Indiana has a very fine, large and stately edifice. It is handsomely decorated inside, and will bear favorable comparison with the best of them.

I cannot forbear to speak of the grand and imposing monument, erected by the state of Indiana to the memory of its soldiers who fell in the Civil war. It is of granite, is near the Capitol, is 328 ft. high, cost $600,000, and certainly is the finest tribute of the kind of any state to its citizen soldiery.

The Capitol at Springfield, Illinois, is 399 ft. long, 268 ft. wide, and 365 ft. to the top of the dome. It is a grand and majestic edifice, well worthy of the great state which it represents.

The special object of my visit to Springfield was to see the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. It is situated on a hill in Oak Ridge Cemetery about two miles from the heart of the city. His remains rest beneath a stately monument of granite. After his funeral the body was placed in the Receiving Vault of the Cemetery, May 4, 1865. A temporary vault was built, and his remains were removed to it, December 21, 1865. The monument was begun September 10, 1869, and was dedicated October 15, 1874.

The statue of Mr. Lincoln, and the four groups of statuary, representing the Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Navy, stand upon the obelisk which supports the shaft, and were all completed at the time of the dedication. "The body was placed in the crypt of the monument, September 19, 1871, and was transferred to the Sarcophagus in the centre of the catacomb, October 9, 1874.

A few years after its erection the structure gave signs of settling and disintegration, owing to defective foundations. This necessitated the taking of it down and rebuilding it from the foundation. This work was begun in November, 1899, and finished June 1, 1901.

"A cemented vault was made beneath the floor of the catacomb directly underneath the Sarcophagus, and in this vault the body of Abrahsm Lincoln was placed September 26, 1901, where it will probably remain undisturbed forever." The Sarcophagus is still visible through the iron door of the catacomb, but it is empty.

The catacomb contains the remains of Mrs. Lincoln their two children, and their grandson, Abraham Lincoln, son of the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

I am indebted to Major E. S. Johnson, State custodian of the monument, for most of the above information, so that above history of it is official.

I also visited the former home of President Lincoln and his family, at Springfield. It is a plain two-story frame house, and now belongs to the state of Illinois. It is occupied by his nephew, Mr. Edwards, and his family. His mother was a sister of Mrs. Lincoln. All the furniture, bricabrac, and the countless memorials and souvenirs of Mr. Lincoln, belong to Mr. Edwards.

I do not feel that any apology is necessery for this digresssion from my subject to speak of Mr. Lincoln and his family. The average American citizen is more interested in him than in State Capitols.

The state of Wisconsin is now erecting at Madison one of the finest Capitols in the United States. It is constructed of beautiful white Georgia marble. Its plan and design are rather unique. It is composed of two rectangles, 434 ft. long, and 125 ft. wide, which bisect each other at right angles. The four ends of these rectangles are each ornamented with stately columns of white marble, and the gables over them are adorned with groups of marble statuary of artistic and elaborate design. Unnderneath these columns are the entrances to the first or lower floor of the building. In the four recesses, formed by the bisection of the rectangles, there are four pavilions or porticos with marble pillars adorning them. Their floors are on a level with the second floor of the building. They are approached from without by flights of marble steps, and form four entrances to the rotunda, 65 ft. in diameter, as well as to the Legislative halls and other parts of the building. Although the Legislative halls have been occupied, yet much work and much of the internal decoration remains to be done. The total cost is estimated at from $6,000,000 to $8,000,000.

I am indebted to Mr. Porter, constructing engineer, for valuable information.

The Capitol of Minnesota, at St. Paul compares very favorably with that of Wisconsin. It is a beautiful and stately edifice, built of white Vermont marble. The interior is finished with various marbles from their own State, and others imported from Europe and Africa. The walls of the Senate and House, and the Supreme Court room, are adorned with paintings of local interest by artists of marked ability. Some of them are very

(continued on page 2)

The Pennsylvania State Capitol.

AGED MAN'S SKULL IS FRACTURED BY HORSE

Henry Felmelee, of Curtin Kicked By Vicious Animal.

DIED IN AMBULANCE

Mowing Grass When Horse Kicked Clear Over Mate and Struck 80 Yr. Old Man Violent Blow on Head—Died Enroute to Hospital.

Henry Felmlee, aged about 80 years, of near Curtin, was kicked on the head by a vicious horse last Friday morning and sustained a fractured skull, causing his death while being removed in an ambulance to the Bellefonte hospital. The accident happened about 10 o'clock in the morning, the aged man dying about two hours later.

Mr. Felmlee and a son, Laird, were mowing in a field at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Fannie Shuey, in Curtin Gap, at the time of the accident. Mr. Felmlee was standing to the left of the team. The horse on the off side was known to be vicious, but Mr. Felmlee considered that he was in no danger at the distance at which he was standing. His son was nearby at the time. Suddenly the off horse kicked clear over the back of the horse on the left, the iron shoe striking Mr. Felmlee a violent blow on the head. It all happened so suddenly that the aged man was unable to jump to one side, and his son could not be of any assistance

With a groan Mr. Felmlee dropped to the ground. His son saw at once that the injury was a most serious one and hastened to the nearest telephone to summon Dr. David Dale, of Bellefonte. The latter went to Curtin Gap in his automobile. He dressed Mr. Felmlee's head and telephoned to Bellefonte for the ambulance. Mr. Felmlee was still living when the ambulance arrived and every effort possible was made to get him to the hospital. When the ambulance was in the vicinity of the Oak Grove school house, however, he died. The ambulance thereupon returned with his body to the Shuey home.

Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at one o'clock from the Curtin church. Interment was made in the cemetery nearby Curtin. Mr. Felmlee was twice married. The surviving children include Laird Felmlee, of Curtin; Constans, of Alexandria, Pa.; Rolland, of Orviston; Mrs. Fannie Shuey, of Curtin Gap; Mrs. Elmer Aikey, of Curtin, and Mary, residing at the McCoy home, in Bellefonte.

Festival at Fillmore.

A grand festival will be held at Fillmore on Saturday evening, August 8th, for the benefit of the Fillmore Methodist Episcopal church. Ice cream, cakes and all delicacies of the season will be served. "Our Boys Band" of Milesburg, has been engaged specially for the occasion and all who attend the festival are thereby assured of hearing some particularly good music. Wherever the Milesburg band boys have appeared they have made a big hit, and they are practicing some new popular selections for the Fillmore engagement. The very choicest, richest ice cream to be found anywhere will be sold on the grounds, while the cakes will be of the high quality for which the Fillmore ladies have won such an enviable reputation. The cause is a notably worthy one and all who attend the festival will not only have an evening of delightful enjoyment but will also contribute toward the Fillmore Methodist Episcopal church fund. Everybody invited; everybody welcome.

Troop L Home.

Troop L arrived home from the Selinsgrove encampment about 7 o'clock last Saturday evening, the troopers making the run from Lewisburg to Bellefonte with a special train. Troopers and horses were in good shape. Most of the boys had recovered from soreness from riding during the first two days in camp. They were enthusiastic over their first experience in the cavalry service. The camp was located on a large stretch of farm land. Farm owners in that section harvested an immense crop of hay but at that were unable to get it all hauled before the arrival of the guardsmen. In one large field occupied by the soldiers the hay had all been cut but not hauled in when the tents were pitched, the owner suffering a loss of a dozen or more tons.

Postmaster at Bald Eagle.

Henry E. Lutz has been appointed postmaster at Bald Eagle, succeeding B. L. Frantz.

PALMER AND M'CORMICK OUT WITH GLAD HAND

Dove of Peace But No Jobs for Regulars.

RE TOMORROW NIGHT

of Democratic Candidates for ed States Senator and Governor ned to Harmonize Factions in Centre County.

gressman A. Mitchell Palmer, cratic nominee for United States r, and Vance C. McCormick, nom. r Governor, are scheduled to come llefonte tomorrow. An informal ion in their honor will be held tow evening at the Brockerhoff Hou e. From what may be learned it is not roposed having a mass meeting for the emocratic candidates.

e visit of Palmer and McCormick at this stage of the campaign has as its object the harmonizing of the warring Democratic factions in Centre County but just how far they will be able to get with their efforts in this direction is problematical. The old regulars say it won't be very far while the reorganizers smile and remark that everything is their way and therefore there is nothing to harmonize.

In Centre County, as in all other parts of the State, President Wilson's policy of harmonizing the Democratic party is to give all the federal jobs to the reorganizers leaving the old-standbys out in the cold. Palmer's leadership has been under fire for several months largely because of dissatisfaction among the regular Democrats over his apparently deliberate policy of denying them even the slightest recognition in the line of patronage. A number of Democratic Congressmen have severely criticised Palmer on the ground that he has usurped their rights in the matter of recommending persons for appointment, and a day or two ago the complaint was carried direct to President Wilson. Seemingly the President's policy is to patiently listen to the complaints of the regulars in Pennsylvania and calmly proceed to hand the jobs out to the reorganizers.

Washington despatches of the last few days state that President Wilson has consented to make one or more speeches during the campaign in behalf of Palmer and McCormick.

Two Bitten by Snakes.

Henry E. Homan was bitten on the leg by a copperhead snake a few days ago while mowing grass, in the field of J. G. Dauberman, at Centre Hall. Mr. Homan was making some adjustment to the mower when the snake, which was lying in the high grass, struck him near the knee. He at once sought medical attention and late reports are that he is entirely out of danger.

Mrs. Maude Davenport, who resides with her brother, a Mr. Stauton, was bitten just above the ankle by a rattlesnake at Black Moshannon about 7 o'clock last Friday evening. In her case she was bitten under odd circumstances. She had been out for huckleberries during the day but suffered no misfortune while tramping through sections where snakes might be expected to be found. On returning home she went into the garden to pull some onions and while doing so a rattlesnake struck her on the leg. Home remedies were applied and a passing automobilist, who had been out fishing, conveyed her to the Philipsburg hospital. Latest reports are that she is recovering.

"Good as Rockefeller's Check."

Mrs. George Robb, of near Coleville, was one of a number who hired out horses to members of Troop L. for the recent encampment at Selinsgrove. Mrs. Robb, with more or less reluctance, hired her horse to Lieutenant Richard Taylor. Despite his repeated assurances that the horse would be well cared for she really expected to see it returned home on crutches and swathed in bandages, and perhaps minus a leg or an eye as testimony to the ravages of "war." To her agreeable surprise Lieutenant Taylor delivered the horse to her on Sunday in the pink of condition. Mrs. Robb cast a critical eye over the horse and then turning to Lieutenant Taylor she remarked: "Your word's just as good as Rockefeller's check."

Declared Dividend.

The Centre Clay & Brick Co., of Orviston, has authorized payment on August 1st of a semi-annual dividend of 3½% on preferred stock of the company. The company now has a capacity of 1,500,000 brick per month.

ARMY WORM HERE

Destructive Pest Makes Appearance at Several Centre County Farms.

The army worm has at last invaded Centre County. Word from Pine Grove Mills is that the destructive pest made its appearance in that section a few days ago and has since caused more or less damage to vegetation.

On Saturday, last, the army worm was discovered in an oats field on one of the penitentiary farms, known as the "burned farm", on the Boalsburg pike, at present farmed by former County Commissioner H. E. Zimmerman. It was while walking on the road adjoining the oats field that Mr. Zimmerman first noticed that the worms had made their appearance in large numbers. There was no trace of them in the field a day or two previously.

The army worm is also reported at Milesburg. On the Furst farm, in Curtin Gap, the army worm recently appeared and cut a wide swath through the oats fields, ruining 200 bushels, if not more.

In Clearfield County, it is reported, the army worms have appeared in large numbers and are doing much damage.

Offers a Suggestion.

Glenside, Pa. July 26th, 1914,

Mr. Charles E, Dorworth,

The Republican, Bellefonte, Pa.

Dear Mr. Dorworth:- I have just returned from my vacation to Ocean Grove. Mrs. Braden and I left the city on the 11th of July and returned on the 25th. On my return I notice the Republican of the 16th and the 23rd and have read over very carefully your articles "Nobody Cares" and "Last chance."

If you are willing to accept a suggestion, I would like to say to you that in my judgment this small debt can be paid and if I were you I would keep at it until it is paid.

A short time ago the Fire Company of our town, Glenside, wanted to raise some money. They gave a "Block Party". I understand this "Block Party" netted them from $200.00 to $250.00. Everyone seemed happy and contented. It was given in the afternoon and evening. We had some electric lights, Chinese lanterns hanging from tree to tree and house to house.

It occurred to me that if you could get a dozen or more ladies of Bellefonte, get storekeepers interested and some of those young men from State College and give a "Block Party," say in front of the Court House which I presume would be the best place for it, I am satisfied that in one night the entire debt in which you are interested will be paid.

I do not think that the people of Bellefonte are indifferent to this obligation, but I do think that time rushes on so rapidly that it is likely to be over-looked.

Our town is about one fourth the size of Bellefonte. We have no industries in it equal to your's but the people did rally, round this "Block Party." We had ice cream, pies, cakes and amusements of different kinds for young and old. Everything passed off very pleasantly and the financial results were entirely satisfactory.

I wish to say that if this movement is started you can put me down for a donation of $1.00

With kind regards, hoping that the movement if started will be a success,

Yours very truly,

OLIVER BRADEN

P. S.-I forgot to mention that there maybe some musical people in Bellefonte who would gladly volunteer their services for that occasion. If this suggestion looks favorable I am willing to give you my ideas how to arrange the entire affair and secure the goods to sell.

Has Remodeled Hotel.

The Uzzle Hotel, at Snow Shoe, has been purchased by S. T. Hepburn, and under the new management has been remodeled throughout. Every part of the famous old hotel has been freshly painted and papered. The hotel is now equipped with bathrooms, steam heat and hot and cold water in rooms. Special attention to automobile parties. The aim of the new management is to provide the very best service possible, to make the table equally attractive, insure comfort to those staying over night, and in a word afford each guest accommodations seldom to be found in an interior town hotel. Mr. Hepburn is giving the management of his new hotel his personal attention and extends an invitation to the traveling public and others to visit the Uzzle Hotel on their next trip to Snow Shoe. The rate is $1.50 per day.

Minister's Painful Accident.

While Rev. Charles A. Saunter, of Blackwells, was traveling on a log train nearby Letonia on Tuesday, he fell underneath the wheels of the train and had his left leg crushed so badly that amputation was necessary. His right foot was badly injured.

AUSTRIA HAS OPENED WAR AGAINST SERVIA

General European Conflict Seems Inevitable.

BIG SLUMP IN STOCKS

Railroad and Industrial Securities Crumble in Panic-Stricken Markets—Heavy Shipments of Gold Abroad—Wheat up 9 Cents.

Austria has declared war on Servia and widespread apprehension prevails lest complications lead to a general European conflict.

Two hours before Austria declared open hostilities on Servia, Germany had declined Great Britain's invitation to enter a conference of nations to prevent war. This was construed to mean that the Kaiser would back Austria in its efforts to not only check but completely crush the rapidly growing Slavic power in the Balkans.

The Austrians, once war had been declared, seized two Servian steamships on the Danube river. This act followed on the heels of the formal declaration of war, which read as follows:

"The royal government of Servia not having replied in a satisfactory manner to the note remitted to it by the Austro-Hungarian minister in Belgrade on July 23, 1914, the imperial and royal government finds itself compelled to proceed itself to safeguard its rights and interests, and to have recourse for this purpose to force of arms.

"Austia-Hungary considers itself therefore from this moment in a state of war with Servia."

While there is absolutely no enthusiasm in England for war, no desire for this particular war which confronts Great Britain; yet there is a general belief that her obligations to her partners in the triple entente, as well as her interest as a great European power, will force her to support Russia and France in any steps they may take.

Financial markets throughout the world were upset by the sudden breaking of war clouds which had been hanging over Austria and Servia for some days. There was a world-wide slump in the financial markets. In Paris fluctuations became so violent that the stock exchanges were closed to safeguard investors. Montreal and Toronto exchanges also were closed. In American grain markets wheat shot up 9c per bushel, many fortunes being won and lost in the Chicago pit. Talk of the possibility of $2 wheat in the event of European war was discouraged by leading grain brokers, who pointed out that closed ports, enormous freights and almost prohibitive insurance would serve to make exporting extremely dangerous and costly.

The demand for gold for export from the United States for war purposes precipitated heavy selling orders in United States stock markets. On Tuesday $12,250,000 in gold was arranged for export from the United States, making a total of $28,100,000 since July 23d, and a grand total of $106,750,000 since the first of the year.

Wall Street suffered the brunt of the stock selling. Canadian Pacific suffered a drop of 15 points, Union Pacific was off 5½, Reading lost 4¾, D. L. & W. was down 6½, U. S. Steel 3½, and preferred 2¼, and so on down the list, everything showing declines ranging from 1 to 15 points. While railroad stocks seem to suffer most, industrials also depreciated and nothing escaped in the general slump.

Couldn't Prove Theft.

Judge Orvis yesterday presided over habeas corpus proceedings brought by George Ogg, charged by Peter Boone with the theft of $21. The two men occupied rooms in a Pleasant Gap boarding house. Boone missed $21 in currency from his clothing and suspecting that the money had been taken by Ogg had the latter arrested. Ogg instituted habeas corpus proceedings and Boone was unable to produce sufficient evidence to have Ogg bound over for court. The latter was accordingly discharged.

At the same session of court Judge Orvis issued a decree revoking and declaring void an agreement entered into September 6th, 1913, by James P. Snedden, of New Jersey, for the purchase of the Catharine Musser farm, at State College. The property was subsequently sold to The Pennsylvania State College, Snedden having failed to comply with the terms of the agreement.

Judge Orvis granted the petition for the transfer of the license of James F. Uzzle, for the Washington House, at Snow Shoe, to S. T. Hepburn.

STASE CAPITOLS

(continued from first page)

fine and expensive. The dome is of white marble, and has the rare merit of not being surmounted by a female figure. The front of the roof at the base of the dome is adorned with an elegant quadriga of hammered copper, covered with the best quality of gold leaf. The total cost was $4,500,000.

The Capitol at St. Paul is not quite as large as some others, yet for artistic beauty and ornamentation, both internal and external, it will compare very favorably with the finest Capitols in the United States.

The building at Denver, Colorado, is of white marble, of stately proportions. It is a very creditable ornament to that beautiful city. The main floor is just one mile (5280 ft.) above the level of the seashore.

Any of the postal card stores in Salt Lake City will sell you a card photo of an elegant white marble building, representing the Capitol of Utah. The corner stone had not been laid when I was there in July, 1913.

California has a very creditable building at Sacramento, after the usual style of architecture. The grounds around it contain 39 acres, and in the variety and beauty of their trees, shubbery, and flowers they surpass any of the State Capitol grounds in the United States. The climate is semi-tropical, and well adapted for the beautiful magnolia, the live oak, encalyptus, and a great variety of palms. Flowers of every kind are here, and color abounds in rich profusion.

In the Capitol at Montgomery, Alabama, the Government of the Confederate States of America was organized, and the first sessions of its Congress were held. A brass plate in the front of the floor of its portico marks the spot where Jefferson Davis stood when taking the oath as president of the Southern Confederacy, on the 18th day of February, 1861. The basement of this building contains the archives of the Confederacy.

Atlanta, Georgia, has a fine and attractive Capitol building of handsome proportions, erected since the civil war. The Legislature appropriated $2,000,000 for its erection. When completed the contractor informed the authorities that this amount exceeded the cost by several thousand dollars. A very rare occurence. In workmanship and artistic finish it seems to be a first-class job.

The Capitol at Richmond, Virginia, is a large and stately edifice. Two wings have been added to it since the civil war. They contain the halls for the Senate and House of Delegates. Virginia and Maryland designate the Lower house as the House of Delegates, instead of Representatives. The rotunda contains some elegant and famous statuary and paintings, notably those of George Washington.

During the civil war, the Confederate Congress held its sessions in the old halls of the State Senate and House of Delegates. Soon after President Davis was inaugurated at Montgomery, Alabama, the Capital of the Confederacy was removed from Montgomery to Richmond.

The grounds of the Capitol at Richmond contain a most elegant and elaborate monument to the memory of George Washington, and sundry other illustrious Virginians. All of them appear in bronze statues of life size. For artistic elegance and beauty, I have seen nothing equal to it in the United States. I think it is of ante-bellum origin.

CAPITOL OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In the stateliness and grandeur of its proportions, and in the vastness of its dimensions, the Capitol of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg surpasses all of them, except possibly New York. It is built of granite, and is 520 feet long. The circumference, or outside boundary line of the area which it covers is 2627 feet in length, lacking only 13 feet of being half a mile. This includes the outline of its three projections.

The attractions of the building, both internal and external, are many and varied. It lacks the usual extensive front portico. On either side of the outside of the main entrance, we have the Barnard groups of statuary, portraying "The Life of Humanity." Each group consists of some twelve or fifteen human forms of life size, sculptured from the finest Italian marble. Fortunately the former aversion to the nude in Art is passing away. The lessons portrayed by these different characters can only be learned from an interpreter.

The building and its equipment cost $13,000,000. After a thorough investigation of the matter it was found that about $2,500,000 of this amount was graft. The larger proportion of it was connected with the furnishing of the many and magnificent chandeliers which adorn all parts of the building. They constitute a very important part of its adornment.

It will be impossible to even mention all the various paintings and adornments of the interior.

The rotunda with its elegant double stairway, is of the finest white marble from Vermont. It is adorned with several stately marble columns, while its floor, and the floors of the North and South corridors, are of tiles made in the fashion of those used by the early Moravian Settlers. They are of a red color, and some of them represent animal life and other objects.

Around the rotunda on the ground floor are the glass cases containing the splendid collection of 378 battle-flags owned by the State. These have only recently been placed in these cases.

Above and over the circular balustrade which branches off from the right and left of the head of stairways, there are several important and significant and important sentences culled from the writings and sayings of William Penn. These stand out in letters of blue and gold around the base of the dome.

The dome above is adorned with four lunettes or paintings by the distinguished artist, Edwin Austin Abbey, a Pennsylvanian by birth. The first of these painting is "The Spirit of Religious Liberty." Next to it on the right is "The Spirit of Light." The third represents "Science Revealing the Treasures of the Earth." The fourth is "The Spirit of Vulcan." Each of these large and elegant paintings reveals an important lesson, and must be seen and studied in order to be understood. The finest colorings of varied tints appear in them.

In approaching the north and south corridors from the rotunda a number of heads are seen upon the gilded capitals of the pilasters. Among them are Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Boone, Henry Melchior Muhlenburg, D. Hayes Agnew, David Rittenhouse, and other distinguished citizens of Pennsylvania. The lunettes between the pilasters are by W. B. VanIngen, and represent various incidents in the life of the sectarian colonists. He also has designed many of the windows in various parts of the building.

The reception room of the Governor is the next-point-of interest. It is a large and elegant room beautifully adorned. Here are placed the splendid paintings by Miss Violet Oakley, entitled "The Founding of the State of Liberty Spiritual," which finds expression principally in incidents in the life of William Penn. The walls are of quartered oak, and there is an imprising mantle at each end of the room of Sienna marble above which appears the coat of arms of William Penn.

The House of Representatives is a room of great size in which the desks of the members are arranged in tiers upon a foundation of marble. A wainscoting of marble from the French Pyrenes, a beautiful blend of cream and buff, from six to nine feet high surrounds the room. The Candelabra of two sizes are beautiful in design, the second only smaller in comparison. The buff and gold contrast that is produced by the coloring in the ceiling and the ceiling and the metal of the Candelabra is especially beautiful in the artificial light. Looking towards the Speaker's desk the wonderful painting by Abbey, called the "Apotheosis of Pennsylvania." is so placed as to confront the legislators with the life like figures of those who have been associated with the State's history.

To the left of the Apotheosis is the splendid illustration of Penn's Treaty with the Indians, also by Abbey. It is the most satisfactory illustration of this event in existence, because Penn is represented as a young man, and not the portly figure assigned to him in the painting by Benjamin West.

To the right of the Speaker's platform is "The Reading of The Declaration of Independence" by Col. John Nixon of Chester County, Pa. This painting was planned by Mr. Abbey, but was unfinished at the time of his death.

The Senate Chamber, with its green and gold coloring, and its wainscoting of Connemara marble and its well designed furniture, is one of the most satisfying rooms in any public building. The beauty of the dark green room is accenturated by the admirably proportioned chandeliers. Only one of the paintings by Abbey for the Senate Chamber was completed at the time of his death. His Valley Forge, however is one of his very best efforts. No episode in the history of the State is more interesting, and it can fairly be said that none has been more vividly portrayed than in his representation of Stuben and his recruits. This painting has been removed to the rear of the House of Representatives.

The other decorations of the Senate Chamber are in the hands of Miss Violet Oakley, but have not yet been executed.

In the east wing upon the fourth floor is the hall dedicated to the use of the Supreme Court and Superior Court. The beautiful dome of opalescent-glass lights the centre of the room, to the north of which are the dais and the seven chairs for the judges. The walls are of mahogany to the height of nine feet from the floor, and the windows are above this wainscoting, and the architecture is Greek Ionic. The panel spaces in the walls are tinted a tinacota color. This however is only temporary, as the spaces are to be filled with mural paintings by Miss Oakley.

A very handsome building of white marble was erected some thirty years ago, east of the Capitol, for Executive and other offices. This was before the erection of the new Capitol building, which was built some 8 or 10 years ago.

It is impossible to give any adequate discription of such a building on paper. It must be seen to be appreciated. The writer would therefore urge every one who has not seen it, to visit it at their earliest convenience. They will be amply repaid.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels will lead to chronic constipation Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

An Ordinance.

An Ordinance relating to transient retail merchants, auctioneering, hawking and peddling; and theatrical and other exhibitons; and providing for the licensing thereof;

SECTION 1—Be it ordained and enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same; that from and after the passage of this Ordinance every person or corporation not engaged in permanent business in the said Borough who desires to begin a transient retail business therein for the sale of any goods, wares or merchandise, shall take out a license therefor, for which every such person, either individually or as manager of said corporation, shall pay not less than $10.00 dollars nor more than $50.00 dollars, for a period not exceeding one month.

SECTION 2—That from and after the passage of this Ordinance it shall not be lawfu for any person or corporation to engage in the business of auctioneering goods, wares and merchandise within the limit sof this Borough without first having procured a license from the Chief Burgess therefor, for which said person or corporation shall pay not less than $5.00 dollars, nor more than $25.00 dollars per week; PROVIDED that any person or corporation now engaged in business within the said Borough who may desire to make a special sale of their own stock on hand by not shall not be required to secure such license.

SECTION 3—That from and after the passage of this Ordinance it shall be unlawful for any peddler, hawker or canvasser from house to house to sell or offer for sale within the limits of said Borough on the streets thereof, by going from house to house or ortherwise, any goods, wares, patent medicines or commodities of any kind without having first obtained a license from the Chief Burgess therefor, for which such person shall pay not less than $1.00 dollar, nor more than $5.00 dollars, for each day during the continuance of said sales, PROVIDED, that the Chief Burgess shall have power to exonerate canvassers from house to house from the payment of this license at his discretion, and further that this section shall not apply to farmers nor other persons marketing their own produce, nor to traveling salesmen who sell to regular customers.

SECTION 4—The Chief Burgess of this Borough is hereby authorized to issue such licenses and to fix the amount to be paid therefor within the limits as above set forth.

SECTION 5—Each person, whether principal, agent or manager of such corporation, who shall fail to secure the license or licenses provided for in the first three sections of this Ordinance shall, either upon view or information, be arrested and brought before the Chief Burgess or a Justice of the Peace and upon conviction shall pay a fine of not less than $2.00 dollars and costs, or be committed until discharged according to law.

SECTION 6—That all theatrical exhibitions, concerts, circuses, shows, fakers, and all exhibitions and parades, or any carousel or merry-go-round, where the same is not confined to a building constructed for such purposes in this Borough, shall be subject to a license tax of not less than $2.00 dollars, nor more than $20.00 dollars for each day on which such exhibition, parade or performance may be given, said license to be issued by the Chief Burgess of this Borough before any such exhibition, parade or performance shall take place in any portion hereof.

SECTION 7—If any person or corporation shall attempt to give such exhibition, parade or performance without first obtaining such license and paying therefor, such person, or the manager or persons in charge of such corporation, shall, either upon view or information be arrested and brought before the Chief Burgess or a Justice of the Peace and upon conviction shall pay a fine of not less than $5.00 dollars and costs, or be committed until discharged according to law.

Ordained and enacted into an Ordinance this 16th day of June A. D. 1914 at a regular meeting of the said Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe.

Attest: By
R. C. GILLILAND D. R. THOMAS
Sec. of Town Council Pres. of Town Council

And now, this 16th day of June A. D. 1914, I herewith approve the foregoing Ordinance.
W. C. SNYDER
Chief Burgess.

An Ordinance.

An Ordinance establishing a Board of Health.

SECTION 1—Be it enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that a Board of Health is hereby established in and for said Borough to be constituted in accordance with an Act of Assembly, approved the 12th day of June A. D. 1913:

SECTION 2—The bonds of the Secretary and Health Officer to be elected by said Board, subject to the approval of Council, are hereby fixed at the respective amounts of $50.00 and $50.00.

Ordained and enacted into an Ordinance at a meeting of the Town Council of said Borough of Snow Shoe this 16th day of June A. D. 1914.

Attest: By
R. C. GILLILAND D. R. THOMAS
Sec. of Town Council. Pres. of Town Council.

And now, this 16th day of June 1914, the foregoing Ordinance is hereby approved.
W. C. SNYDER
Chief Burgess.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on October 7th 1914, by Harry P. Kelly, T. B. Budinger, David Chambers, John Boyce, W. C. Snyder and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An Act for the Incorporation and Regulation of Banks of Discount and Deposit" approved May 13th 1876 and supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called "Snow Shoe Bank" the character and object of which is to carry on the business of Banking under the laws relating thereto, and for these purposes to have and to possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits, and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

Said Bank to be located in the Borough of Snow Shoe, Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to have a capital stock of $25,000, divided into 500 shares of the par value of $50.

C. F. EGGLESTON, Solicitor.
1218 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

7-2-3mo.

Divorce Notice.

BARTHOLOMEW P. SCHWARTZ vs MARY E. SCHWARTZ | In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county. No. 136 May Term, 1914.

To Mary E. Schwartz, Respondent: You are hereby notified that the undersigned has been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, an examiner to take the testimony on part of the Libellant and Respondent in the above stated case will meet the parties in interest on Friday, the 14th day of August, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Penna., at which time and place you can appear if you so desire.

JAMES C. FURST,
Examiner.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c at all stores.

Niagara Falls

Personally-Conducted Excursions
July 31, August 14, 28,
September 11, 25, October 9, 1914

ROUND **$7.30** TRIP

FROM BELLEFONTE

SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Dining Car, and Day Coaches through the

Picturesque Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo within limit on return trip.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

A BIT OF ADVICE

First—Don't Delay, Second—Don't Experiment

If you suffer from backache; headaches or dizzy spells; if you rest poorly and are languid in the morning; if the kidney secretions are irregular and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. In such cases the kidneys often need help.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for kidney trouble. They are recommended by thousands. Can Bellefonte residents desire more convincing proof of their effectiveness than the statement of a Bellefonte citizen who has used them and willingly testifies to their worth?

John H. Klinger, 220 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from weak kidneys and was annoyed most all the time. At night my rest was broken by having to pass the kidney secretions too frequently and in the morning I felt tired. Sometimes I had pains across the small of my back. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and so highly recommended that I got a box at Krumrine's Drug Store. I began taking them and they relieved the backache and strengthened my kidneys."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Klinger had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

SLIDES DOWN ROPE WHILE BALANCED ON HIS HEAD

One of the features of the Frank A. Robbins circus, which will visit Bellefonte this year on Monday, August 3d, is a slide for life by The Great "Hilary Tony", who balances on top of his head and slides down a long rope from the top of the tent to the ground. The act is an entirely new one to the Robbins show, and has never before been seen with a circus in this country. The act has been secured at great expense by Mr. Robbins, but is only one of many unusual things which will be seen with the circus when it comes here. The show has been greatly enlarged and improved this year. The parade, which takes place every morning at 10 o'clock, has many new features, the menagerie has been nearly doubled in size, and the program of acts provided by a big group of stars of the canvas dome, and a score of bright fun makers keeps the audience interested for a straight two hours. Prior to both the afternoon and evening performances there will be concerts by the Robbins Concert Band, which has been a feature of the show for many years.

COMING TO BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

United Doctors Specialist

WILL BE AT THE

Leading Hotel

Monday August 3, 1914

ONE DAY ONLY

Hours 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Remarkable Success of these Talented Physicians in the Treatment of Chronic Diseases.

Offer Their Services Free of Charge.

The United Doctors, licensed by the State of Pennsylvania, for the treatment of deformities and all nervous and chronic diseases of men, women and children, offer to all who call on this visit, consultation, examination and advice free, making no charge whatever except the actual cost of treatment for the purpose of proving that they have at last discovered a system and method of treatments that are reasonably sure and certain in their results.

These Doctors are among America's leading stomach and nerve specialists and are experts in the treatment of chronic diseases of the blood, liver, stomach, intestines, skin, nerves, heart, spleen, kidneys or bladder, rheumatism, sciatica, diabetes, bed-wetting, tape worm, leg ulcers, weak lungs and those afflicted with long standing, deep seated chronic diseases, that have baffled the skill of other physicians, should not fail to call. Deafness has often been cured in sixty days.

According to their system no more operation for appendicitis, gall stones, tumors, goiter, piles, etc. By their method these cases uncomplicated are treated without operation or hypodermic injection. They were among the first in America to earn the name of "Bloodless Surgeons" by doing away with the knife, with blood and with pain in the successful treatment of these dangerous diseases.

If you have kidney or bladder troubles bring a two ounce bottle of your urine for chemical analysis and microscopic examination.

Worn-out and run-down men or women, no matter what your ailment may be, no matter what you have been told, or the experience you have had with other physicians, settle it forever in your mind. If your case is incurable they will tell you so. Consult them upon this visit. It costs you nothing.

Remember, this free offer is for this visit only.

Married ladies must come with their husbands and minors with their parents.

CATTLE PASTURE

The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1914, under the management of Mr. Geo. Lorrah. Season May 1st to October 15th. Terms, $1.50 per head per season, payable in advance. Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Address Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Snow Shoe Pa. for any further information.

Atlantic City, Cape May

Ocean City
Anglesea
Sea Isle City

WILDWOOD

10-DAY EXCURSIONS

Avalon
Holly Beach
Stone Barbor

THURSDAYS, August 6 and 20

SUNDAYS, August 9 and 23

$7.05 Round Trip Via Delaware River Bridge

$6.80 Round Trip Via Market Street Wharf

From BELLEFONTE

STOP-OVERS ALLOWED AT PHILADELPHIA AND HARRISBURG

For full information consult handbills or nearest Ticket Agent

Pennsylvania Railroad

Skin Sufferers—Read!

We want all skin sufferers who have suffered for many years the tortures of disease and who have sought medical aid in vain, to read this.

We, as old established druggists of this community, wish to recommend to you a product that has given many relief and may mean the end of your agony. The product is a mild, simple wash, not a patent medicine concocted of various worthless drugs, but a scientific compound made of well known antiseptic ingredients. It is made in the D.D.D. laboratories of Chicago and is called the **D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema.**

This is a doctor's special prescription—one that has effected many wonderful cures.

The effect of D. D. D. is to soothe instantly, as soon as applied; then it penetrates the pores, destroys and throws off all disease germs and leaves the skin clean and healthy.

We are so confident of the marvelous power of D. D. D. that we have taken advantage of the manufacturers guarantee, to offer you a full-size bottle on trial. You are to judge the merits of the remedy in your own particular case. If it doesn't help you, it costs you nothing.

D. D. D. Soap is made of the same healing ingredients. Ask us about it.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

New Modern Dances.

The leading Expert and instructor in New York City, writes:

"Dear Sir:—I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for the past ten years, and can say from experience that it is a blessing to all who are compelled to be constantly on their feet. I dance eight or ten hours daily, and find that ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE keeps my feet cool and comfortable, takes the friction from the shoe, prevents corns and Sore, Aching feet. I recommend it to all of my pupils."

(Signed) E. FLETCHER HALLAMORE.

Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mother Gray's Swee Powders for Children.

Relieves Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething, Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels, and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 24 years. They never fail. At all drug gists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

FOR SALE!

HUCKSTER WAGON

Is in first-class condition. Will sell cheap. Inquire of

CHARLES WINTERS,
Osceola Mills, Penna.

Dreer's 1914 Garden Book

New Flowers you will wish to try will be found in its pages.

New Vegetables and a Department of *Farm Seeds* are there also.

Cultural instructions for growing everything worth growing, by well known experts, will make gardening easy even for the novice.

Over a thousand photographic illustrations and 10 color and duotone plates.

Mailed free to any one mentioning this publication.

Dreer's Orchid-Flowered Sweet Peas, with immense wavy flowers in sprays of 3 and 4 blossoms each. Just as easy to grow as the common sorts. Our mixture contains a full range of colors. 10c per pkt.—20c per oz.—60c per ¼ lb. Garden Book free with each order.

HENRY A. DREER
714 Chestnut St Phila.

The Temptation to Buy

needlessly will be greatly reduced if you have to draw a check every time you make a purchase. Don't keep your cash in your pocket where it is likely to burn a hole. Open an account with this institution. Experience proves that a man thinks twice before he spends once when he has an account at this institution.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa

Wet Weather

A Detective Story

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Where the darkness was most dense waited Murphy of the Harrison street station, his hands deep in his pockets, his head shot forward.

He had been waiting a long time, starting now and then at the sound of a step on the quiet old street, slinking farther back into the shadows at the rumbling approach of the straggling cars, waiting and scowling.

There was something about Murphy which indicated that he was obeying orders against his will and his better judgment. "Tips" come often to police headquarters.

But, just the same, Murphy waited.

Suddenly his position changed. His hands came out of the pockets and swung aimlessly for a second at his sides before they gripped. He leaned forward and listened.

It came again—a whistle, low, yet sharp. Murphy's lips puckered, and, note for note, they answered the signal. A wait. It came again.

Murphy stepped forward, crossed the street, his head lowered, his hand

SLOWLY AND SMILINGLY HE WORKED THE COMBINATION.

grasping something in one of his pockets. He approached the hazy form before him.

"Hello!" he said shortly.

The man turned, and Murphy noticed he was young, well dressed and apparently surprised at his voice.

"Hello!" came the reply.

"Waiting for somebody?" Murphy's head still was craned forward the least bit.

He was searching the face which showed dimly before him in a vain attempt to recognize some feature of the "mug room." He walked a step closer.

"Waiting for somebody?" he questioned again. The man laughed.

"Yes. Why?"

"Thought so. You'll find him at headquarters—in the captain's office."

He put forth a hand. The young man drew back just a trifle.

"I—I don't quite understand," he answered.

"You'll understand after awhile, then. Murphy's my name, from headquarters."

"A detective?"

"Yes."

"But what's that got to do with me? I'm not wanted for anything—unless waiting for a friend is something." Murphy noticed there was a boyish something about the face when the man before him smiled. "Clark's my name. I've just been to a party over on Kalamath and was coming home. There were two of us, you know—two couples—and we just decided that when we had taken the girls home we'd meet here and go over to my house for the night. The folks are all away. But"—he laughed the least bit—"I spent a good deal of time saying good night, and I guess he went on to his own home. I"—

The scowl which Murphy had worn deepened a bit.

"You don't look like a crook," he said at last. "Where do you live?"

"1261 Elizabeth."

"Who's there that can identify you?"

There was a bit of an embarrassed laugh.

"Nobody right now. The folks are all away. I'm the only one home, you know. That's why I was going to have Bob stay all night with me. I"—

"Have you got the key to the house?" A listlessness had come into Murphy's voice.

"The key? Why, of course!"

"That's enough. Let's see you work it."

Ten minutes later they stood before the veranda of a wide fronted house five blocks away. Murphy bent as he started to ascend the steps to the veranda and felt the stone of the lower step. He looked up.

"What did you say your name was?" he asked again.

"Bert Clark," came the answer.

Murphy struck a match and peered at the carved name of the lower step.

"That's right," he admitted.

The man had stepped to the door, inserted the key and turned the lock. Murphy grinned.

"Just a mistake, that's all. I'm sorry. A fellow will make mistakes that way, you know. I was looking for a couple of icebox robbers that have been swiping stuff off these apartment porches. Sorry. Hope you don't mind?"

The man on the porch laughed as he swung open the door and prepared to step inside.

"Oh, that's all right," he called cheerily. "Good night!"

The Lynx stood in the hall for just a moment after he had closed the door, listening for the fading steps of the plain clothes man without, and, hearing them, smiled to himself. Slowly he felt for the curtains and pulled them. Then he switched on the lights.

"Jane was right," he said to himself as he looked around the hall before him. "It's all as she said. Now, if she hasn't got the wrong dope about them beating it I'm all right." He seemed to draw his coat about him tighter, and there came a little white into his face. "That gink may be waiting outside to see if I'll light the upstairs," he mused. "I've—got to risk it."

Slowly he ascended the stairs and as silently as the animal whose name he bore. Softly he felt along the wall for the switch buttons, then hesitated. The Lynx was not in the habit of traveling under full candle power—in other houses than his own.

Perhaps after all Jane's information had been wrong. Perhaps—a moment more of hesitation, then the click of the switch. With animal swiftness the eyes of the Lynx traveled here, there, through each open door as the light of the hall displayed bedroom after bedroom, quiet and destitute of humanity. The Lynx smiled.

"And that harness bull in plain clothes took me word," he said sarcastically. "But in case he's waiting for me to go to bed"—

He walked noisily into the front room and snapped the switch. There was no need for quiet now. Jane had been right. The family was gone; all was easy, and there was the little wall safe before him.

He pulled the shades one by one and, standing in front of them, took off his coat and his collar. He pulled a chair close to the window and sat in it for a moment that his shadow might show on the shade. He listened.

He heard the steps of some one start from in front of the house and echo more and more faintly up the street. Again the Lynx smiled to himself. He lit a cigarette. He had been right, then, after all. Murphy of the plain clothes squad was assured.

And it was then, as the steps faded that the Lynx became active. A dart to the opposite wall, a click, and the room was in darkness. He raised the shade that the light of a neighboring street lamp might cast its soft glare on the wall safe before him. Then he began his work.

Quietly, quickly he turned the little knob and listened for the click of the tumblers within. Again, again, again, again, and he noted the numbers as the tumblers fell. Once more—slowly and smilingly he worked the combination, and what he sought lay before him.

Not so much, it is true, but the Lynx was not a seeker of vast wealth. Solitaires are easier to dispose of than necklaces. After all, five hundred a night is not so bad, especially when one has a policeman to aid one.

The Lynx whistled a bit under his breath and tucked the proceeds of his work safely in his hatband. There were some papers. The Lynx passed them by. He knew there would be no money. Slowly he closed the safe and passed to the next room.

For the Lynx needed a revolver. He found it, where he had believed he would find it, under a pillow and passed on. Quite aimlessly he wandered through the house, rifling a drawer now and then by the light of his little searchlight merely for the curiosity of it. He sought the downstairs and looked at the silverware.

It was heavy and solid. Knives and forks he tucked into the aperture in the lining of his clothing, feeling cautiously now and then to be sure that nowhere did there appear a betraying bulge, shaking himself a bit to be certain that silver did not touch silver with its clink, which would cause trouble on the way home.

Ten minutes more of work, and again the Lynx laughed.

"And a fly cop takes me to the house just for the company of it," he smirked. "Jane did a good job, she did. Jane's a good girl. Maybe some of these days if I keep on getting dippy over her we'll hook up—maybe."

He felt himself again. He pocketed the little searchlight and fumbled his way to the door. He opened it and stepped out on the porch—and recoiled at the touch of a human hand.

"All right, kid," came the voice of the man outside; "I thought you'd hang yourself if I gave you enough rope. You see, kid, we wasn't sure that Jane woman would stick to her giveaway, so I just thought I'd be sure of the dope."

"Jane?" The Lynx trembled a bit.

"Yeh," said Murphy of the Harrison street station; "she kicked in tonight. Got conscience or something and coughed it all up about making the impression of the key and all that stuff. Hated to do it at that, but she ain't built for that sort of work, honest. That's a good kid, that Jane. I kinda like her. Raining a bit harder, ain't it?"

But the Lynx did not answer.

WOES OF THE POOR RICH.

How the Wife of One Wealthy Man Got Her Spending Money.

In the American Magazine, in a story by Rebecca Hooper Eastman, is a satire on the poor rich, in which the wife of a wealthy man tells as follows how she gets hold of her spending money:

"Kitty, dear, I can't bear that you should misjudge me, and so I am going to tell you what not a soul in this world knows. I have absolutely no money and no way of getting any. My husband doesn't think it is necessary for me to have money when I can charge things. I owe you a dollar. You think I have forgotten, but I have not. And I am going to pay you—when I can.

"I want to tell you that I have just discovered a way to make money. You see, I have borrowed so many small sums for tips and car fares that I am quite in debt.

"We have one of the finest cooks in New York, as you know, and I order him to make cakes. He thinks they are for a bazaar. In reality I sell these cakes at a certain woman's exchange for $1 a loaf, cash, Kitty. I leave my car at a nearby hotel, walk through the hotel to the exchange on the next street, wear a plain suit and a thick veil, which I put on in the hotel dressing room. Nobody knows."

WHAT CAUSES CRYSTALS?

An Obscure Process That Plays a Large Part In Nature.

In answer to the question, "Will a sudden jar ever cause crystals to appear in a supersaturated solution, or can this be produced only by the introduction of one of the crystals?" Edgar Lucien Larkin in the New York American says:

"Supersaturation and crystal formation are obscure phenomena. Let water dissolve salts until it is supersaturated when perfectly still; then let the containing vessel be suddenly moved, tapped or disturbed; then crystals of the dissolved substances will instantly form. Pure water, distilled, may be put into a closed container and a thermometer placed below the surface.

"Keep the whole very still and the water may be cooled a number of degrees below the freezing—that is, crystallizing—point without crystallizing. Suddenly strike the vessel and the liquid will crystallize. Many solutions of superdensity will thus behave.

"This little understood process underlying the fascinating mathematical science of crystal forming plays a highly important part in nature in the building of solids, of crystalline rocks and general structure of our house—the earth."

End Came Quickly.

The experiences of local jewelers with prospective bridegrooms have been many and varied. Some wish to buy on the installment plan, some wish to take a half dozen sizes to be sure of a fit and some bring "beautiful verses" to see whether they can be engraved in the ring.

One jeweler in recounting his experiences said a young man came into his store and when asked whether he wished anything engraved inside the ring became confused, fumbled a bit in his pockets and finally produced a paper on which was scrawled, "The love that never endeth," which the jeweler said was just the proper sentiment.

A month later the young man returned and told the whole history of his marital life in five words, "Can't you cut that out?" pointing to the engraved sentence.—Indianapolis News.

Glacier National Park.

Glacier National park is in northern Montana and is bounded on the north by the Canadian line, on the east by the Blackfoot Indian reservation and on the south and west by Flathead river. It has an area of about 915,000 acres and derives its name from many glaciers, which are scattered throughout its area. There are about eighty glaciers, between five square miles and a few acres in area. The park is a rugged mountainous region and contains over 250 lakes, which are surrounded by steep and beautifully wooded mountains or precipitous rock walls. The methods of transportation in the park are by automobile, horse stage, launches on the lakes and saddle and pack horses.

Inductive and Deductive.

Deductive reasoning is from theory to facts, while inductive reasoning is from facts to theory. Deduction is sometimes mere dreaming, oftentimes very foolish dreaming, while induction is the sane reaching out from particular facts to general laws.—New York American.

Policy, Not Politeness.

Gibbs—I noticed you rise in the car this morning and give your seat to a stout lady. Dibbs—Yes; it was a question whether she or I was going to stand on my feet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Train Momentum.

The momentum of a modern twelve car railroad train running a mile a minute is equal to that of a ton weight falling from a height of twenty-one miles.

Fixed Both Ways.

Please give me two bills for my hat, one for $10, to show my husband, and one for $20, to show my lady friends.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

It is too late to throw water on the cinders when the house is burned down.—Danish Proverb.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Their Coast Line Is Longer Than That of the United States.

"It is not generally known perhaps that the coast line of the Philippine Islands is longer than that of the United States," said a man who has spent more than fifteen years in that country. "The Philippines are numerous islands," he continued. "It would take one many months to tour all of the islands. Of course the climate varies, but in most parts it is delightful. The average temperature is lower than in many parts of the United States, and the humidity is not nearly so great. Records of temperature in the Philippines have been kept since 1865, and in that time the maximum recorded was 103 degrees. The mean temperature is from 70 to 80 degrees.

"If the humidity were great there are times when it would be almost unbearable, but ordinarily I would rather live in the Philippines than in most sections of this country. It is fortunate that in the month of greatest humidity, September, the temperature falls lower than at any other time of the year, which makes it possible to endure the conditions.

"I have frequently been asked if there is much drinking among the Filipinos. There is comparatively very little. The Filipinos have discovered, even if some of our own countrymen have not, that alcoholic drinks and the tropics do not mix. It is seldom you see a Filipino intoxicated. There are native brewed drinks in different islands, but the people do not overindulge."—Washington Post.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

More Liable to Generate In Powdered Than In Solid Substances.

The scientific phrase for combustion is oxidation, or the combining of some substance with the oxygen of the air. Some substances have greater affinity for oxygen than others, and whenever the combustion reaches a certain point of rapidity fire results.

Anything that increases the facility of combination with oxygen increases the danger of spontaneous combustion or explosion, and for that reason a substance is more dangerous when pulverized than when solid, because the separated particles of matter are brought more directly in contact with the oxygen of the air. There is no danger of spontaneous combustion or explosion in a mass of unground wheat, but mills have been destroyed by explosions of flour dust.

Fixed oils absorb oxygen and give out carbon and hydrogen, causing a rise of temperature that may reach the burning point, as has often occurred in heaps of rags, tow, sawdust and similar bodies soaked with oil, paint, varnish, turpentine and sometimes grease.

Bituminous coal is liable to spontaneous combustion when moistened with water, and the coal dust in mines is a common cause of explosions. Moisture aids spontaneous combustion in piles of damp hay or freshly mown grass, and barns have been burned from that cause.—Philadelphia Press.

The Deciding Voice.

In a business men's club in a western town there sprang up two factions, one which criticised the steward because he did not provide the members with good meals and one which defended him hotly.

The dispute got fiercer and fiercer. Half the club wanted to fire the steward at once. The other half said he was efficient.

Then without warning the steward himself decided the momentous question.

One day at lunch time a member of the club asked the waiter:

"Where's the steward?"

"He ain't here," replied the waiter. "He said he was going down the street to get something good to eat."—Popular Magazine.

A Progressive Monarch.

Alfred the Great of England has few equals in history, for he was in advance of his times in everything. Born in Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849, he drove the Danes out of the eastern part of England, so after ridding his country of the foreigner he occupied himself in the advancement of learning. After thirty years of wise rule Alfred died in 901 A. D.

Sensitive.

Mistress—Why, Mary, isn't this your Sunday afternoon out? Aren't you going for a walk this lovely day? Mary—Please, ma'am, I'd rather stay in. You see most of the people out on a Sunday is couples, and I don't like to be conspicuous.—London Punch.

Trying to Please.

"Painting your own portrait, eh?"

"Yes."

"Vanity, my friend."

"Oh, no; I was just trying to see if I could paint one person who would be satisfied with the likeness."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Curiosity.

"Pop, did you say a little bird told you I was naughty?"

"Yes, my son."

"Pop, was it a little bird with a tell-tail?"—Baltimore American.

So Memory Reminds Us.

The little boy had been whipped as far back as he could remember.—New York Sun. That, we believe, is the customary place.—London Opinion.

Sterile Land.

Two thousand miles of the western coast of South America above Valparaiso are dry and sterile to a width of forty to sixty miles.

When Death Was Sweet

Her Dream Became a Reality

By ETHEL JAMES COANN

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One morning in June Dr. Severn was walking down the steps of the City hospital in Hanover. As he was about to get into his phaeton one of the internes rushed out and said, "Dr. Arnold wants you to do the operation he has on for 10 o'clock."

The surgeon removed his foot from the carriage step and turned around.

"I don't know anything about the case. Where is Arnold?"

"He's had an accident and can't come."

The doctor meditated a minute or two, then went back up the hospital steps.

A few minutes later the surgeon, in clinic uniform, entered the operating room.

A door swung open, there was a strong odor of ether, and two orderlies carried in a woman on a stretcher. The anaesthetist kept the cap over her face as they lifted her to the table.

As Severn began to operate he laid his fingers for an instant on her wrist, then made the incision for straight laparotomy. In his movements there was no haste.

"I have my doubts about this case," he said coolly as the flesh parted under his steady blade.

The assistant noticed a puzzled look on the surgeon's face as he hesitated in selecting an instrument. A hush fell, for he was feeling his way cautiously.

The patient's breathing was slow and labored, and the sides of her emaciated body quivered with each respiration.

"Let up on the ether," Dr. Severn commanded.

Silently he picked instrument after instrument from the tray offered him.

The work began in earnest—slow, cautious work—till the perspiration stood in great drops on the surgeon's forehead, and the clinic nurse had a white line around her mouth.

Then suddenly, as if the silence were a loud report, they perceived that the patient had ceased breathing. The surgeon spoke one word:

"Air!"

A nurse opened the window, the anaesthetist laid aside the cap, and, without letting go the ligament he was tying, the surgeon rested his eyes upon the still face.

Slowly the patient inhaled the fresh air, and then, by some freak for which there is no accounting, she opened her eyes, looking full at the surgeon, who, with a look of horror that turned his face ashen and drew dark circles underneath his eyes, looked at her.

In a flash the anaesthetist put the cap back and sprinkled ether, but the surgeon stood as if frozen.

A dark eyed nurse who had been standing apart with bandages stepped softly to Dr. Severn's side and, holding a glass to his lips, said:

"Drink!"

When the operation was finished and the orderlies came to carry the patient back to her room the surgeon brushed them aside and lifted her on to the stretcher. As he stood after they had gone his assistant said:

"I thought you were going to flunk. Did you fumble that artery badly?"

"What artery?"

He hastily removed his linen coat and left the room.

Along the corridor of private rooms he met Miss Ashton, the head nurse.

"How is No. 20?" he asked.

"Coming out all right, doctor."

"Is any one watching her?"

"I have just come from there. She is quiet."

"I want to watch. It is a critical case," he said as he entered room No. 20.

On the high cot the patient lay, breathing painfully, moaning from time to time and muttering incoherently.

The surgeon sat down beside her, holding one wrist lightly, shading his eyes with his other hand. At two Miss Ashton came in.

"Don't you want some lunch, Dr. Severn?" she asked.

He roused himself.

"Perhaps I do," he replied. "But I don't want this patient left alone. Has she a special nurse?"

"No."

"Then can you spare that little dark nurse who was in the operating room?"

Miss Ashton rang her bell.

"Ask to have Mrs. Howell sent up to take charge of No. 20," she said to the office boy.

As they crossed the court to the nurses' dining hall Miss Ashton noticed the drawn look on the doctor's face.

When he got back the nurse was bathing the patient's face. When she went out he opened the blinds and carefully studied every feature.

That night he rested on a sofa in the end of the corridor. Toward morning he heard two nurses chatting.

"Dr. Severn is asleep on the sofa by the sun room," one said. "You know he did Arnold's op. today. They say it was a hard one, and he's afraid she's going to die; then Arnold 'll have one on him."

"Good! I hope she will! I like Dr. Arnold."

With a feeling of sickness the doctor got up and went back to No. 20.

The cool gray of early dawn was just merging into pink, and the wind from the lake blew in at the open window.

As he took the chair beside her bed he saw her hand flutter on the counterpane, and, bending over, just as the light touched her, he saw that her eyes were open and on her poor face a look of ineffable content rested.

He took the fluttering fingers in his hand and said, "Nell."

Then she fell asleep.

The pink dawn yielded to yellow sunlight, and still she slept. The surgeon went down to breakfast, and when he returned she had not awakened.

At 10 o'clock the office boy went to the head nurse's desk and asked:

"Where's the main guy?"

"Do you mean Dr. Severn?"

"Yep."

"What do you want him for?"

"His wife wants him."

Miss Ashton called him, and he went out to where Mrs. Severn sat in her automobile.

"Don't you know," she snapped, "that I had to go to the Hunters' dinner party alone last night?"

He brushed his hand wearily across his forehead, and something in his look irritated her.

"I cannot leave here yet," he said.

He watched the chauffeur turn the car around in the narrow street; then he went slowly back.

He made his usual round, stopping to chat with some of his patients.

The next morning at dawn the woman in No. 20 roused again, and the surgeon sat beside her.

This time she could lift her hand, and she extended it toward him.

"Have I been hurt, Jack?" she asked.

"Yes, Nell," he answered.

"Did the horse throw me?"

In a flash the man understood that she had recognized without remembering and that in her mind she was back on the ranch where he had first met her.

"Am I badly hurt?" she continued.

"You are just shaken up."

"I'm tired," she said and slept with her face toward the light.

The fourth morning he sat in his old place beside her, and she asked:

"Where did you get my nurse?"

"I sent for her."

"She is so good to me in the night, when I have horrible dreams and think that I have lived years and years without you, Jack. Then I call her, and she comforts me."

"Do you dream that, Nell?"

"Yes. But it cannot ever be, dear. Don't you remember what I told you the night we became engaged?"

When he spoke his voice was full of suppressed pain.

"You told me, dear, that you loved me so that if we ever drifted apart"—the words had long pauses between them—"you would drift back to me—to die."

"Yes," she said and slept.

The surgeon had performed three operations at the hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, and it was 8 in the evening before he got back to the patient in No. 20.

In the corridor Miss Ashton met him with the chart. He scanned it silently.

"When was the last temperature taken?" he asked.

"At 6. It is slowly rising."

"Does she know she is worse?"

"I don't think so. She is calm and very quiet."

At 9 he sat alone with her while the nurse rested.

"I want to look at you," he said, "if you can endure the light."

He moved the shade from the electric bulb, and she raised her eyes to his—wonderful eyes, with a ring of deep violet around the outer rims of the gray iris.

"Are you better?"

"No."

The brave eyes never faltered, but a mist of tears came over them.

"I know now, John," she said, "that dream is the fact."

He held her to him.

"I love you, Nell."

The swinging light made queer, moving shadows around the room.

Later the house doctor met him on the stairs.

"Internal hemorrhage, isn't it?" he asked.

"I fear so."

Toward morning the nurse called him. When he entered No. 20 the patient was raised slightly in bed.

"Were you asleep?" she asked.

"No, I don't sleep any more," he answered wistfully.

The nurse went out and closed the door.

"Why didn't you write to me?" she asked.

"Why, Nell, I wrote and wrote, and at last I went back to find you."

They could hear the ring of a patient's bell and soft footsteps hurrying along the corridor.

"It was father," she said. "Jose wanted to marry me. The ranch was mortgaged to Jose. Then after you left father died, and I went to my aunt in Denver."

A look of contentment was settling over her face, smoothing out the lines of pain between the eyes, which bore expression of extreme agony.

Another hour passed silently. Then she asked:

"Did you know me when you operated?"

The surgeon shuddered.

"I did not see your face till it was nearly over, Nell, and then"—

"Don't call any one," she said when he lifted her to ease the pain. "I think I am going to sleep, and this"—she smiled softly—"is what I drifted back for."

The sunbeam that crept through the closed blinds stalked slowly along the wall until it touched the head of her bed.

Then the surgeon folded her hands and, like a man grown old, groped out of the room.

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THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

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Lieutenant Governor—Frank B. McClain.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck
Congress-at-Large—M. M. Garland, J. R. K Scott, Thomas S. Craigo and Daniel F. Lafean.
Congress, 21st. Dist.—Charles H. Rowland.
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SUPERIOR COURT

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The Democratic reorganizers are watchful, and the regulars are waiting—with an ax.

President Wilson's plan for harmonizing the Democrats in Pennsylvania is to give the reorganizers the jobs and the old regulars the laugh.

William Jennings Bryan pocketed $500 for two Chautauqua lectures in Dauphin County one day last week. That's watchful getting, not watchful waiting.

Wonder whether the State College Palmer & McCormick Club will turn out to extend another royal welcome to Palmer and McCormick? If so, Postmaster Robert M. Foster vows that he will march at the head of the procession, even though he isn't a member.

All those old Democratic regulars who have been explaining what they would like to tell to Mr. Palmer if they only had the chance will have ample opportunity to do so if they will walk up to the Brockerhoff House tomorrow evening. That's what Mr. Palmer is coming to town for. Disappointed applicants for that State College postoffice have special invitations.

Needless to say, the Hon. Robert M. Foster, postmaster at State College, at $2600 per year, will be right on the job when Palmer and McCormick visit Centre County. Why not? Doesn't the Hon. Bob carry the Democratic vote of State College borough in his vest pocket? Indications are that along about November 3d it will be so warm in State College borough that no vests will be worn.

IT WAS THE WEATHER.

The hot weather is responsible for a good many things. When one stops to figure it out, it really is astonishing what funny things men say and do when the mercury is thumping at the top of the thermometer and the mosquitoes are fattening up for a long winter in exclusion. For a typical, hot weather burst of imagination we commend you to the following:

"The Democrats of Pennsylvania have a splendid ticket. Palmer will make a Senator of which the State may be proud, and it will be something for Pennsylvania to have a Senator to which she can point as a representative of the best that there is in public life. McCormick also is making a most excellent impression. I have no doubt that he would give the State an eminently satisfactory and progressive administration. I have been in several Congressional districts and I am led to believe that Pennsylvania's Democratic representation in Congress will be maintained, if not increased."

Ordinarily, as one peruses the above, one might suppose it to be the utterance of some zealous, high-priced press agent working over-time to make good for the Democratic campaign committee. You would be wrong, brother, you would be wrong. None other than the Honorable William Jennings Bryan happens to be the author. He said it, every word of it, while in Harrisburg delivering Chautauqua lectures last week. Harrisburg has the reputation of being perhaps the hottest city in Pennsylvania, and last week was pretty hot even at ordinarily cool places, such as the seashore and mountain resorts.

The average business man and the average working man, both of whom feel the pinch as the result of the Democrat near-free trade law, will attend to the selection of Pennsylvania's delegation in the next Congress. If Mr. Bryan, when he glances at the returns from Pennsylvania in November, happens to recall the statement given out by him on his Chautauqua lecture tour to Harrisburg we are quite sure he will find himself wondering just how hot it must have been that day and why men of intelligence say such funny things when they are "het up."

Republican State Chairman Barnes, of New York, has sued Colonel Roosevelt for libel, claiming $50,000 damages. More evidence of the hot weather. The Colonel got a six cents verdict from the western editor who charged him with drunkenness, so that if Barnes gets away with a like verdict Teddy will not be out of pocket. Roosevelt and Barnes have long been bitter enemies. Each has his opinion of the other, and it was when T. R. made public what he thought that Barnes brought suit for libel. Indications are that more political linen will soon be on the line to dry.

Mansfield's Humor.

Richard Mansfield's humor was often misapprehended for conceit.

One night the company was playing under a tin roof upon which a sudden downpour of rain caused a terrific clatter. This startled Mansfield into exclaiming, "What's that noise?" "Rain, sir," was the answer. "Tell it to stop!" ordered the actor fiercely.—New York Globe.

She Was Prepared.

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the benevolent employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day."

"Yes, sir," said the earnest young woman. "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."

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Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

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Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
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Big free street parade daily at 10.30 A. M. Two complete performances at 2.00 and 8.00 P. M. Rain or shine in mammoth water proof tent.

The Spot Down Deep

Not Too Deep to Be Touched

By ONEY FRED SWEET

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The pair had progressed as far from the depot as the farm implement shop when Burke's tall companion interrupted his reverie caused by the sight of the old town again, the dark hour that lay upon it and the thought of the mission on which he had returned.

"I thought it was more of a place than this," the fellow slurred, "after hearing you tell about it. Why, the train hardly stopped long enough to let us off."

"They're all alike, these tank towns in the corn belt," Burke snarled, staring resentfully about him—"a green depot, a red elevator, a Main street, a church, a schoolhouse, a cemetery and a few houses. And don't let me forget—a bank!"

"At that I have an idea the place seems a little different to you from the others, Burke," the tall man went on. "Just think—this was your world all the time that you were a kid. Every one of these two story buildings must have loomed like a skyscraper then."

"Cut the comedy, Slim," Burke broke in, halting his hurried pace a bit to express himself more forcibly. "It's all familiar enough. These towns around here haven't had a new brick in them these past ten years. And the folks in them are as changeless as that statue of 'Justice' up there on top of the courthouse—unless it is that some of the kids have grown up. And if they've grown up very much they've pulled out like I did."

They had reached the center of the town—a point where the main street intersected with the street leading from the depot. "That's the joint," he said as he threw his thumb over his shoulder toward the brick building on the corner. The tall man turned to scan the tin sign, whose lettering,

"WELL," HE SAID, "YOU'VE COME HOME."

"Loans and Deposits," was foreshortened by the slight breeze that swayed it.

"It looks soft," he answered after a shrewd scrutiny of the surroundings, "but it's one thing to crack them these days and another thing to get away. The way we've planned, though, I can't see where there can be a leak."

"Right on this corner is where the show bands used to circle and play," explained Burke, "and from this crossing down there to the park was the distance set off for the 100 yard dashes on the Fourth of July. I won one of them once with my pants rolled up and wearing a pair of white wool socks. They said I was over the age fixed and wouldn't give me the money."

At Burke's initiative the two started on down the street.

"Here's the hotel," he went on in the tone of a guide. "It's where you'll stop. You can look the part of a Chicago drummer all right."

"I suppose there's something in coming back like this that kind of touches a spot down deep," suggested the stranger companion as the two passed the point where the stores left off and the homes began, "even though a fellow's been in the game you have and has come back for what you've come back to do. I know"—

"Spot nothing!" Burke cut in disgustedly. "When we take the 'bumpers' tomorrow morning at this time on that train that just pulled out this town 'll be entirely off the map so far as I am concerned. It's been out of my mind for years as it is. I came back because I knew there was a soft job here, that was all. There's the folks' place, halfway down the block there, where you see the big maple—looks as if it was about ready to tumble over. I'll meet you in the alley there just after dark tonight. You find out what you're supposed to and count on me. So long."

It had been a long time since Burke had tried the door at home in the early morning hours, but he found no lock to prevent his entrance. And he had increased his ability at stealthiness in the years that he had been gone, so that he was easily able to make his room upstairs without being heard.

It was as if he had been gone but a day—the smoky kerosene lamp on the bureau, the varicolored quilt on the sagging bed. Once, on being half aroused, he expected to hear the rattle of trucks and the yell of a newsboy, but, instead, there came only the crow of a rooster welcoming the dawn.

He surprised his mother when she was at the task of getting dinner as he stalked half dressed through the kitchen on the way to the sink.

"There, now, can't a fellow come home once in awhile without there being a fuss?" he complained as the woman gave a little startled cry and rushed toward him. "Where's pa?" he inquired, forcing the arms away from about his shoulders. "I'm glad it's nearly dinner time—I'm hungry."

"I wasn't counting on you," his mother answered apologetically, wiping the tears from her eyes and starting for the pantry. Burke noticed that she limped in her walk. She had aged, his mother had.

The door she opened gave a glimpse of the queer shaped and colored dishes such as he had never seen except at home. They were accompanied by an odor that had been peculiar to them too. His mother came back with one of the biggest jars from the row on the shelf—currant jelly.

Burke was wiping his face on the red bordered towel when his father came in. The old man had his rake in his hand and slowly removed his slouch black hat before he spoke.

"Well," he said, "you've come home."

The removal of the hat showed how white his hair had become, and his face was like it in spite of its contact with sun and wind. He came over to wash his gnarled hands in the same basin with his son.

"I've the garden nearly all in again," he continued finally. "I'm going to put in onions again this year. They take lots of work, but if the season turns out just right they bring more than other stuff."

Burke noticed that the table had been shortened up until the checkered cloth touched the floor on all sides, but the dishes were the same, the food cooked the same.

"How long you going to stay?" the father inquired at length, pouring his coffee into a saucer.

"Oh, I only 'll be here a day or two," answered Burke. "It's pretty dead here after one is used to Chicago."

"Just a day?" his mother fluttered.

"Still traveling for that Chicago house?" the father interrupted to inquire, eying his son as he cooled the coffee at his lips. "Times ain't been so very good out here."

"I'm still with them," sparred Burke. "It's been a little dull with us, too, lately, but"—he faltered for an instant—"we're expecting quite a big piece of business out this way soon."

"The plaster on the wall back of you's all healed up now. Do you notice it?" the father went on, pointing to Burke to turn around. "You three boys used to lean back so much when you sat together there on the bench that it was always broke off. There wasn't much use fixing it."

The mother entirely ceased with her pretension at eating and nervously fingered the tablecloth.

"Sometimes," she interposed in an effort to appear unaffected by the reference just made—"sometimes your father goes to the hall door and calls to you all upstairs just as if you were all here yet. He calls each of you separate by name. 'It's time for school,'"

Her attempted laugh with the words fell lame, and to keep brave she started in to clear off the dishes.

Burke sought the lounge in the sitting room, the springs of which had been ruined by his acrobatic stunts years before. He could close his eyes and see every unchanged object in the room—the cheap organ, at which his sister had spent many weary hours in practice; the enlarged crayon portrait of his little brother, who had been taken by diphtheria at the time of their quarantine during the awful cold spell, and his father's war relics and encampment badges.

He had planned to get plenty of sleep, but he was surprised to find it dark when he awoke. The lamp in the kitchen was already lighted, and a dog was barking outside. Rubbing his eyes, Burke avoided his mother, busy in the pantry, and found his way into the back yard. He had not counted on the apple tree spreading its branches, but he refrained from cursing when it brushed his face in the path. At the alley he found his partner pacing in impatience.

"It's a fine time to be coming," the waiting man complained sarcastically. "I've been waiting half an hour. What was the matter?"

"I fell asleep," explained Burke, "but I'm awake now—clear awake." He paused a moment before going on. "I'm not in on the deal," he thrust decisively.

His companion's chagrin and surprise could not be concealed even by the darkness. For a moment they stood, two shadowy forms studying each other.

"Now, there's no argument," snapped Burke. "I'm not only not going to pull off this job, but I'm out of the game altogether. I'll shake hands 'goodby' if you want to. I suppose you are disappointed."

Burke caught the tall man's mumbled reply as he started back for the house.

"Disappointed!" he echoed. "I think the agency will be somewhat—after my using up two months' expense money in trying to get evidence on you that would stick."

CHILDREN'S TEETH.

When They Should Appear and the Order in Which They Come.

The milk teeth (first teeth) are twenty in number. The time at which they appear is subject to considerable variations, even under normal conditions. The following table gives the order and average time of appearance of the different teeth:

Two lower central incisors, six to nine months.

Four upper incisors, eight to twelve months.

Two lower lateral incisors and four anterior molars, twelve to fifteen months.

Four canines, eighteen to twenty-four months.

Four posterior molars, twenty-four to thirty months.

At one year of age a child should have six teeth.

At one and one-half years it should have twelve teeth.

At two years it should have sixteen teeth.

At two and one-half years it should have twenty teeth.

It is not easy to explain where there are so often variations from the average. The order in which the teeth appear is more regular than the time of their appearance. Marked irregularities in order of the appearance of the teeth are the rule in idiotic children or those suffering from slighter mental effects.

Delayed dentition is generally caused by rickets. Many healthy children, however, frequently have no teeth appear until the tenth month of age.—Philadelphia Record.

BATHING IN JAPAN.

Natives Wash Themselves Clean Before Getting Into the Tub.

Partial accounts of the luxury of a Japanese bath lead us to believe that we have something yet to learn about what is regarded by many in this country as a necessity and by more as a supererogation—in Japan the bath is not only a necessity, but a delightful recreation.

The Japanese have a way of their own of taking a bath. They have a system that in some respects resembles that enforced at swimming pools in this country. You must first wash the body thoroughly, and then you enter the tub, the water of which is heated by an individual system. There, if you are in a public bathhouse, you may smoke and doze and chat with your friends in a dissipation that is said to be exceedingly refreshing. The water is kept hot, perhaps increases in heat, and when you leave the tub it is still regarded as fit for the next customer. In a private house the master and mistress may have their baths first, and the same water serves for the invigoration and diversion of the servants. The ignorant foreigner, who goes into the Japanese tub for the purpose of cleansing his body and with soap spoils the water for further use, is not only guilty of a social error, but entails a hardship on the household, including the servants.—Rochester Democrat.

Recognized.

A Pennsylvania lawyer known throughout the state for his sharpness once met his match in a very unexpected quarter.

An old woman was being cross examined by him as to how the testator had looked when he made a remark to her about some relatives.

"I don't remember. He's been dead three years," she answered testily.

"Do you mean to tell me that your memory is so bad that you cannot go back three years?" demanded the attorney.

The witness was silent.

"Did he look anything like me?" the lawyer finally ventured.

"Seems to me he did have the same sort of vacant look," responded the old lady.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

An Unconventional Duke.

Kew Parish church had among former worshipers the first Duke of Cambridge, a strong but unconventional churchman, who made audible comments while the service was in progress. To the exhortation, "Let us pray," he would reply, "By all means," and during a dry summer he added to the "Amen" after the prayer for rain, "But we shan't get it till the wind changes." On hearing the words, "For we brought nothing into the world, neither may we carry anything out," he would ejaculate, "True, true; too many calls upon us for that."—London Globe.

The Smile of God's Love.

As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of summer's sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love.—Longfellow.

The Noblest Arms.

We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread eagles, in fields d'or or d'argent, but if heraldry were guided by reason a plow in a field of arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.—Abraham Cowley.

A Matter of Support.

Her Father—You expect me to support Margaret indefinitely? Her Husband—Well, I hope you may stand from under very gradually, sir.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

MAKING AN EPIGRAM.

The Prize Winner Was Evidently a Married Man's Effusion.

The head epigrammatist of the great wit and humor factory bent over his work bench and rested his gaze upon an epigram that had been used and used until it was cracked and frazzled.

"It's a shame to throw it away," he said, "for I believe it can still be turned about so that it will have a commercial value. I know what I will do. I will offer a prize to the workman who brings in the best new twist."

So when the workmen were gathered in the room he told them that he wanted them to beat out a new and clever turn upon the old motto "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." He gave them just one hour at their anvils, with a monetary prize for the best effort and honorable mention for the others. When the time was up this assortment was handed in:

"A chauffeur in the front seat is worth two under the motorcar."

"A kiss in the dark is worth two under the electric light."

"A grain of sand on the beach is worth two in the eye."

"A gift from a husband after marriage is worth two from a lover before."

"A week's wages in bank is worth two in a trousers pocket that the wife is going through at night."

And, while the first four received honorable mention, it was the last one that won the prize.—New York Sun.

BLOWN TO SAFETY.

Curious Incident of an Explosion That Wrecked Fifty Homes.

It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I. a certain ship chandler of London was foolish enough to busy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder, and the place was blown up.

The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known.

In one house among the fifty a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew, but what became of the baby was very widely known. The next morning there was found upon the leads of the Church of Allhallows a young child in a cradle, baby and cradle being entirely uninjured by the explosion that had lifted both to such a giddy height.

It was never learned who the child was, but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish and grew to womanhood. She must surely all her life have had a peculiar interest in that church.—Sir Walter Besant's "London."

Misplaced Sympathy.

Sitting near the door in a subway car was a middle aged man reading a newspaper. At one station there got aboard this car a mother and her son, a small boy maybe four years old.

As those two came through the doorway and into the car the small boy, quite by accident, of course, hit the middle aged gentleman reading the newspaper a good, smart kick on the shin, causing the man to wince, while the boy's progress was checked for a moment by his thus kicking up against something.

The mother looked down, but she said nothing to the man. It was to the boy she spoke:

"Did you hurt yourself, dear?"

Which seemed a case of misplaced sympathy.—New York Sun.

The City and the Child.

New York city—the length and breadth of Manhattan—and Boston, from the Fenway in three directions to the water front, are as unfit for a child to grow up in as the basement of a china store for a calf. There might be hay enough on such a floor for a calf, as there is doubtless air enough on a New York city street for a child. It is not the lack of things—not even air—in a city that renders life next to impossible there. It is rather the multitude of things. City life is a three ringed circus, with a continuous performance and interminable sideshows and peanuts and pink lemonade. It is jarred and jostled and trampled and crowded and hurried, and it is overstimulated, spindling and premature.—Suburban Life.

Studied Insult.

"I wish," said the waiter who had been serving the man with the grim face and the pert looking girl, "I could think of some way to get even with that fellow. He complained about everything I put on the table and growled about every move I made."

"What did his bill amount to?"

"A dollar and ninety cents."

"And how much money did he hand you?"

"A two dollar bill."

"It's easy. Have it in two nickels when you return his change."—Chicago Herald.

Legend of a Lake.

Avernus is the lake in the neighborhood of Naples where the waters are so unwholesome that birds never fly near its banks. In ancient times it was thought to be the entrance to hades and where Ulysses descended to the lower regions.

Not Always Certain.

Daughter—A certain young man sent me some flowers this morning. Mamma—Don't say "a certain young man," my dear. There is none of 'em certain till you've got 'em.

Correspondence.

Mt. Eagle.

Mrs. J. F. Deitz and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant on last Thursday walked out to Fairview and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Tanyer, returning in the evening.

Everybody seems to be pretty well over with their haying and ready for the oats harvest.

Miss Helen Sence, of Williamsport, who spent a couple of weeks with her half-sister, Mrs. George Bryan, returned home on Saturday morning.

T. G. Leathers, our efficient mail carrier, left on Saturday morning for Shamokin to see his sister, who resides at that place.

Miss Mildred Heverly is again under the doctor's care, suffering from rheumatism.

Mrs. J. R. Pheasant was a shopping visitor to Howard last Friday and while there spent a short time with Mrs. Clark Beatty.

Miss Florence Leathers and her mother expect to return to their home in Mt. Eagle about August 3d.

Miss Maude Thomas, the music teacher, was in town Friday evening giving lessons to her pupils.

Do not forget the festival on Saturday evening, August 1st. Everybody come, everybody welcome.

Mr. Shank, of Yarnell, spent Sunday in Mt. Eagle with his brother, Jacob, and family.

E. E. Heverly, who works at Hays Run, and Will Shank, who is employed at State College, were over-Sunday visitors here with their families.

Arthur Bathurst is busy putting a new roof on his stable on the property he recently bought from the Packer heirs.

Mrs. Winslow and children, of Howard, wife of the operator, came down to see him Sunday evening and brought along a tempting supper.

Will Robison, of Howard, took supper with his parents here Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gates spent Saturday evening with the latter's sister, Mrs. Clark Beatty, at Howard.

Mrs. Frankenfield, who keeps house for Foster Beatty, was a visitor in Beech Creek on Sunday.

Mrs. Samuel Barger, of East Reading, recently spent a day with her friend, Mrs. Etta Leathers.

Miss Priscilla Thomas, of Howard, was a Sunday evening caller at the home of her brother, John Thomas, and family.

Some good-for-nothing person on Saturday set fire to the mountain above Mt. Eagle.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers and sons a day or two ago drove to Curtin to pay a little visit to her parents.

Woodward.

Mrs. Grenoble, from Bellefonte, was a caller in town a day last week.

Quite a number from town attended the Booneville camp meeting on Sunday.

D. J. Benner, wife and daughter, Miss Florence, and Mrs. Samuel Williams and grandson, Robert Williams, spent Sunday in Bellefonte.

Charles Hosterman and family, from Buffalo, N. Y., are spending their vacation with the gentleman's parents, C. W. Hosterman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ammon Mingle and children, Phyllis and Violet, from Dunlo are visiting the former's parents.

Prof. Chas. Kreamer wife and son, Carl, from New Hope, are visitors in town.

Curtin.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Griffith and daughter, Laura, returned home on Monday after an extended visit in Yeagertown.

Mrs. Myrtle Lucas and children, of Fairview, visited on Wednesday at the home her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Bathurst.

Rev. and Mrs. Dunning and children spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. W J. Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Chester were Bellefonte visitors on Wednesday.

Little Bettie Curtin and nurse, Miss Anderson, of Pittsburgh, were at the home of her grandmother Mrs. H. R. Curtin, one day last week.

Mrs. Michael Poorman and Mrs. John Hartsock visited on Monday at the home of Mrs. O. W. Bathurst.

A dance was given at the home of Edward Bloom at the rolling mill, in honor of Miss Louise Grassmire, recently. All present had a most enjoyable time.

Miss Mildred Glenn entertained her friend, Miss Hilda Bryan, last Wednesday evening.

A delightful social function was held last Wednesday at the home of Mrs. V. E. Curtin, those present including Mrs. Theodore VanScoyoc, Mrs. Howard Walker, Mrs. Harry VanScoyoc, Mrs. Howard Cree and son, Van, all of Tyrone. At a Sunday dinner at the same hospitable home the guests included Mr and Mrs. G. L. Holter and son, Latimer, of California; Mr. and Mrs. William Mann, of Mill Hall; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Curtin, Mrs. H. R. Curtin and Mrs. N. J. McMeen.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of Bellefonte, were Sunday visitors at the W. J. Brooks home.

We are glad to note that Raymond Bryan, one of Troop L. boys who met with a painful accident while in camp at Selinsgrove, is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Sadie Gill and grand-daughter, of Altoona, spent Sunday with the former' ssister, Mrs. Amelia Gingher.

The funeral of the late Henry Felmlee, whose tragic death shocked his many friends, was very largely attended on Sunday, thus testifying to the high esteem in which the aged man was held.

Pleasant Gap.

Methodist church—Sunday school 9.30; Preaching services 10.30 a. m.; Epworth League 7.30 p. m.

Lutheran—Sunday school 9.30 a. m.

Though famous for years for having large crowds in attendance at lawn fetes and festivals, Pleasant Gap broke all previous records on Saturday night. The festival held by the firemen was a great success, over two-hundred dollars being taken in receipts from sale of ice-cream, cakes, etc.

Miss Helen Noll is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Paul Keller, in Altoona.

Henry Noll took quite an interesting trip on his motorcycle through the western part of this state and eastern Ohio last week.

Miss Nell Roush is visiting with Mrs. John T. Noll.

Charles Bilger has commenced work on a third house on Bilger row this summer. This new house will be occupied by Mr. Barbetta, who has charge of the commissary at the Horntown Quarry. The house vacated by John Hoy has been rented to Mr. Soldi who assists Mr. Barbetta in the commissary.

Advertise in "The Republican."

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Campbell, of Westport, are visiting at the home of W. R. Campbell.

Mrs. Frank McClure and children have returned to their home in Spangler, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Noll, of Tyrone, Sundayed with relatives here.

Mrs. James Stott and Mrs. Rapsey, of Philipsburg, autoed to Milesburg on Thursday and spent the day with Mrs. T. A. Hugg.

James Noll, of Tyrone, Sundayed with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Noll.

Mrs. T. A. Hugg and children left for Berwick, Pa., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Cook Kreamer, Mrs. Hugg's parents.

Mrs. James Richards was a Tyrone visitor during the week.

Mrs. Uriah Housel and daughter, Mabel, are visiting in Altoona.

Miss Bertha Smith spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Elizabeth Hugg.

Mr. and Mrs. Owens, of Lewisburg, and Mr. Loomis, of New York City, autoed from Lewisburg to Gregg's on Saturday, returning Monday morning.

Mrs. Harry Austin has returned home after a pleasant visit with her parents in Altoona.

Miss Harriet Baird spent Sunday at the home of Miss Edna Shawley, at Yarnell.

Mrs. Chester Walker, after spending a couple of weeks with relatives and friends, has returned to her home at Bigler.

Miss Agnes Swartz is visiting at her home before returning to her employment in Tyrone. Miss Agnes was one of a merry crowd of campers near Lock Haven.

Miss Grace Walters, of Altoona, is visiting Miss Lillian Miles.

Mrs. Verna Saners, after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends, returned home to Somerset.

Miss Julia Gregg left on Tuesday for State College to be gone a week.

Miss Alta Sankey has returned to Lewistown, after a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. James Gregg.

Miss Amber Confer spent Tuesday with her aunt, Mrs. Walker, departing on Wednesday for a visit with relatives and friends at Clearfield, Bigler and Philipsburg.

Mrs. Clara Richards was a pleasant visitor in Lock Haven.

Our base ball team played Martha at that place on Saturday, winning with a score of 5-4. Claude McCullough got hurt, being hit on the side of the face with a ball.

A number of our young people enjoyed the fishing party Thursday night to Curtin's. Those going from our town were: Misses Olive Smith, Kate Austin, Roda Swartz, Agnes Swartz, Robert Brady and Forest Aikens. They reported having both good luck and a good time.

The Girl's Reading Club, consisting of Misses Hannah and Anna Shroyer, Nell Weaver, Madge Orris, Ella Zettle, and Mrs. Saners, celebrated by having an outing at the top of Centre Hall mountains. They left early in the morning, Tom Adams driving them, and ate their dinners at the place they had selected beforehand. Everything went off fine and every one reported "having the time of their life", even Hannah who got a "ducking." They returned home about 8:30 in the evening.

Holt's Hollow.

John Roberts, who is employed in Howard, visited over Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts.

Quite a few of our people took in the festival at Yarnell last Saturday evening. All report having a splendid time. By the way, who were the ones that got lost?

Dr. W. J. Kurtz, of Howard, was a visitor in town on Sunday calling on a patient, Mrs. James Shope.

Misses Sallie and Beulah Lucas spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. William Roberts.

Visitors on Sunday at the James Shope home included Mr. Shope's son, Ellis, and John Musser and Alfred Walker, of State College, and Mrs. Frank McKinley and Mrs. Charles Keys, of near Milesburg.

Frank Cox, Joseph and Harry Kelley, Alfred Walker and Miss Julia Shope were visitors on Sunday afternoon at the Joseph Fetzer home.

Lester Speece, of Milesburg, greeted friends while passing though our town on Sunday. What is the attraction down this way?

Misses Esther and Hazel Fetzer spent Saturday afternoon and Sunday with their friend, Miss Agnes McCartney.

Miss Julia Shope entertained a few of her friends last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of Bellefonte, visited on Wednesday evening of last week with the latter's brother, John Lucas, who has been suffering for some time past with trouble with one of his eyes.

Woman loves a clear, rosy complexion. Burdock Blood Bitters is splendid for purifying the blood, clearing the skin, estoring sound digestion. All druggists sell it. Price $1.00.

Pine Grove Mills.

The army worm is on hand and trimming up vegetation.

Mrs. Maggie Meek, of Altoona, is caring for her sister, Mrs. Sara Goss, who is laid up with a broken limb.

Samuel Gates, of Tyrone, was here on Monday receiving medical attention from Dr. G. H. Woods.

Ben Everhart, one of Spruce Creek's progressive farmers, spent the early part of the week with his brother, Samuel, on the Branch.

Mrs. and Mrs. L. H. Osman are visiting friends down Nittany Valley.

Mrs. Mary Gardner Gates came down from Altoona for a week's outing among her many friends in the valley.

Mrs. Emma Miller, who spent the winter among friends in Altoona, has reopened her home at Baileyville for the remainder of the summer. "There is no place like home."

S. E. Goss and wife and two sons, Curt and Jack, are up from Reading. W. K. Goss, of Tyrone, was at the Goss home on Main Street Sunday.

Dr. Frank Bailey spent Sunday with his mother on his way to Milton after a trip to Denver as a representative to the Elks convention. The Doctor was delighted with the journey and the large gathering from every section of the country.

John Fortney and wife, of Boalsburg, were Sunday visitors at the well known Dannley home on Main Street.

Dr. J. E. Ward, of Bellefonte, was an over-Sunday visitor in town, spending most of the day with his old schoolmate, John D. Dannley, now of the Buckeye State, where he "making good."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wagner, of Tadpole, were Sunday visttors at the Henry Houck home.

The much-needed rain came Monday evening, greatly refreshing vegetation.

Miss Marsisus Kimport left last week for Iowa, to care for her sister, Ida, whose life is despaired of.

Joe Weaver, while at play with a bunch of boys at Lemont, fell and fractured his left arm.

Last Friday while Ed. Longwell was picking cherries he fell from the tree and fractured his right arm.

Clyde Struble, tenant farmer on the Fred Decker farm, fell through the cross oft to the floor below and fractured his eft arm.

John C. Dunlap, of Cherrytree, is visiting his father, S. A. Dunlap on Chestnut Street, where he is nursing a broken arm.

Miss Viola Elder is going on crutches on account of a broken toe.

R. G. Goheen and wife, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Archey, are spending a week's outing at Atlantic City.

Hugh Boils, of Pittsburgh, who has been Frank Swabb's right hand man on the farm, nearby town, took a French leave Sunday evening, we are informed, after first attiring himself in Mr. Swabb's gray suit and also confiscating about $18 in cash belonging to the family. He was seen going westward on the White Hall road the same evening. He is 26 years old, of sandy complexion, freckled, wears glasses and weighs about 130 pounds. When he left he wore a gray suit and blue cap.

On account of a new arrival in his home merchant E. M. Watts says that he will add more tariff on his goods. Its a girl.

Mrs. Sadie Heberling suffered a setback but is now on a fair way to recovery.

Claude Williams, of Pleasant Gap, was greeting friends in the Glades last week.

C. H. Meyers and wife and J. H. Meyers and wife, in the former's new Buick car, took a trip down the valley Sunday and spent the day with relatives at Bellefonte.

Mrs. Sallie Bloom is nursing a sore head caused by a board falling upon her and inflicting a painful bruise.

The veteran drover, Wils Cumins, of Stone Valley, was here the early part of the week and purchased a drove of fresh cows for his large eastern trade.

E. C. Musser and Francis Miller, of Bellefonte, were in town Saturday evening in the interest of the State-Centre Electric Co. Many buildings are being wired.

J. F. Kimport, of Walnut Grove, spent Sunday with friends at Fairbrook.

For the second time within a year W. Raymond Dale underwent the knife in the Bellefonte hospital last Saturday. At last reports the young man is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Neidigh spent Sunday at the Henderson home at Spruc Creek, the home of Mrs. Neidigh's childhood.

G. W. Rossman is handling the wheel on a new Ford car.

J. W. Kepler came up from Bellefonte with a new 5-passenger Overland car. W. Henry Davis chaufeured the tripe When nearby the Kepler home Mr. Kepler took the wheel. Mr. Davis' eye happened to catch something else and in a twinkling the "creeter" struck a fence post, landing Mr. Davis over the fence into the field, causing him to suffer some painful bruises and the machine considerable damage.

Ed. Bowersox, wife and two children came down from Altoona for a few weeks outing with friends in and nearby town.

Ad. Louck and Arthur Burwell got in a bad mix-up Saturday evening. Mr. Louck was seated in his buggy ready to start home when Arthur Burwell came along at a good gait, crashing into the Louck rig and causing both conveyances to capsize. Mr. Louck was pinned to the ground underneath his rig and his calls quickly attracted a crowd to his rescue. Barring a few scratches nobody was injured. Matters were soon adjusted and all parties continued their journey homeward.

B. V. GINGER ALE

We are delighted to be able to offer our patrons a Ginger Ale that is

GINGER ALE not a PEPPER ALE

and one not sweetened with Saccharin. B. V. Ginger Ale contains no Capsicum and is sweetened with finest granulated sugar---

We heartily recommend it---ask for

Ballardville Ginger Ale

Price 10c. a bottle. Sold only at

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

A. THOMAS & CO.

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Drilling Contractors

Well Drilling A Specialty

COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address

A. THOMAS,

Clarence, Pa.

Bellefonte Druggist Has Valuable Agency

Green's Pharmacy Company has the Bellefonte agency for the simple mixture of buckthorn bark glycerine, etc., known as Ad-ler-i-ka, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis. This simple remedy has powerful action and drains such surprising amounts of old matter from the body that JUST ONE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation almost IMMEDIATELY. The QUICK action of Ad-ler-i-ka is astonishing.

WANTED—Competent nurse wanted. Address or apply to Mrs. Charles K. Rath, at the home of F. W. Crider, 123 West Linn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—2 young cows; one full blooded Jersey, 3-yrs. old; other is also full blooded cow. One fresh February 15th, other fresh March 12th. Also 5 last fall large hogs. Apply Mike Benz, Chemical Lime Co., Coleville, Pa. 7-30-3t.

Penny-A-Word Column

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Four to ten April pigs. Give price and particulars. Will pay cash. Address, A. B. C., Care The Republican.

WANTED—Second-hand light two-horse wagon. State what you have and cash price. Address, "Wagon", Care The Republican.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT.—The store room now occupied by Wm. McClure, on corner of the Diamond and High Street. Can give possession May 1st 1914.
F. W. CRIDER.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

PERSONAL—Save your hair with Annis-Brook Hair Food. It cures dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp; it ensures healthy hair growth, fully guaranteed. $1.00 per bottle. Annis Brook Hair Food Co., Corry, Pa. 4-16-6t.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

FOR SALE—A Metz "22" roadster, 1914, but little used. Rumble seat can be attached for children. Owner buying new model of same make. Box 25, Stormstown, Pa. 7-30-2t.

About the size of your shoes it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for dancing parties, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere at 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Farmers' Supply Store

BELLEFONTE, Pa.

The American Cow and Hen

are money earners, and the question is all in the balanced rations—is all that is required to bring out their productiveness.

Feed the Cow Ensilage

and use the Blizzard Ensilage Cutter for silo filling. All the experimental Stations use the Blizzard. Easy to operate and has a self-feeder, making it absolutely safe for the operator. We have one here on our floor. Come in and look it over. Price is right. The

New Idea Manure Spreader

is second to none and will do the work to your satisfaction. Wiard Walking and Sulkey Plows, Spring and Spike-tooth Harrows, Single and Double Disc Harrows, Steel Land Rollers, Grain Drills, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog Troughs rat proof and any length, Galvanized Chain Pumps good for all time, Force and Lift Easy Running Pumps carried in stock, put in the well and guaranteed, Cutting Boxes and Corn Crackers, Corn Shellers both hand and power, Poultry Netting, Poultry Grit, Oyster Shells and Beef Scrap, Alfalfa Meal and Charcoal everything to make the hen profitable.

Ladders for Apple Picking

single and extension, up to 40 feet. All kinds of Field Seed at the right price and quality that will stand up to the State's test. Brookville Wagons a specialty. Don't worry about fertilizers. We carry from five to six grades in stock to suit all customers and at prices you will find to be as low as any tramp agent offers and which he says are "at cost." Look out for the runner that is selling "at cost." He's taking you over, either in the matter of price or quality. Figure it out for yourself.

John G. Dubbs,

Bellefonte, - - - - - Penna.

Keep Cool and Enjoy the Summer

It is too hot to worry over household duties. Send us an order for cold meats, fruit and seasonable delicacies for your table. Our store makes housekeeping easy.

When overheated, Jergen's geranium bathtablet, Jergens violet glycerine. Old fashioned oatmeal or old fashioned elder flower soaps are just the right essentials for a cool plunge. We have them.

DOUBLE S. & H. GREEN TRADING STAMPS ON SATURDAY

ROBERT MORRIS

Bellefonte - - Pa.

A Little Tragedy of the Plains

The Woman Whose Day Had Passed

By MARJORIE BODLE

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

They called it twenty miles from the Potter place to town—twenty miles of crisp, sun baked buffalo grass and monotonous, blinding sky.

The hot wind from the south had come with the Potters today on their drive to town, but it went faster than the two hopeless bays could pull the old wagon, and so the dust whirled up from the wheels and the horses' feet and settled grimly all over the Potters.

It made the two Potter boys and the two little Potter girls, sitting down in the wagon bed, half heartedly quarrelsome and Mr. Potter, on the high seat, the lines hanging limply in his hand, silent and glum.

Mrs. Potter stopped jogging the fretful baby and tried to shade its red little face with her dusty handkerchief.

A hot gust of wind caught at her black hat and jerked it unceremoniously on one side. With the baby hanging over one arm she set her hat back again.

She glanced at her husband, with the usual feminine question, "Is it on straight?" on her lips, but with a look at him, staring moodily ahead, his mouth set unencouragingly, she forbore.

The baby had almost cried its poor, hot, little self to sleep, and Mrs. Potter sat with her arms cramped and aching, her forehead puckered in a tired frown.

But at last the sight of a little, unpainted shack at the side of the road and a bright, salmon colored cottage a little farther on made the boys stop the systematic teasing of their sisters and crane their necks eagerly toward Edenville.

Mr. Potter swung the rawhide whip over the backs of the two horses. They

"I BELIEVE I'LL TAKE IT IF IT'S NOT TOO HIGH."

lunged suddenly forward, jerking the baby fretfully awake, and trotted briskly on, spreading panic among the chickens scratching in the dusty road.

At the livery barn Mr. Potter pulled up.

"You'd better get out here, ma," he said, reaching for the much crumpled youngest.

Mrs. Potter climbed stiffly out over the wagon wheel and held up her arms. The little Potters clambered out, and the girls stood silent and close to their mother.

"Me and the boys 'll go over and get their things now. You go get you and the girls fixed up, ma, and then come over to Martin's. I'll load up the groceries there."

"All right, pa," his wife answered, tucking a hanging lock of hair behind her ear. "But I—I guess I'll have to have a little money."

"Will that do you, d'you think?"

Mr. Potter leisurely took a bill from his worn, reddish pocketbook and handed it to her, generously beneficent in his capacity as dispenser of funds.

"Yes, that'll be plenty, Will." And nervously: "Now, you hurry, pa. We don't want to be late getting started home."

"Oh, I guess we'll be ready by the time you women folks get fixed up with hats," and pa chuckled in high good humor, now that the long drive was over.

Mrs. Potter smoothed the baby out as well as she could. The baby, worn out by the long ride, protested only feebly.

With her free hand their mother straightened Mary's sunbonnet and Lucy's sprigged percale apron and shook out the streaks of dust from her own cheap black serge.

With the little girls close at her heels, she walked down the one sided Main street to a store where "Miss Ellis, Millinery, Dry Goods and Notions," was painted in yellow and black on the false front.

Inside it was cooler and shaded. The counters and shelves, with the piles of lawns and calicoes, seeming to run largely to grays and blues, and the notions, among which were displayed attractive side combs and irresistible ribbon bows, were all arranged in careful order. And the hats—such creations!

Mrs. Potter gazed at them with admiring eyes. She stood for a moment uncertainly. Then Miss Ellis herself came forward, large and complacent, in cool gray chambray, with smoothly combed black hair and a dark down upon her upper lip which rivaled the notion counter in the attention of the children.

"Why, how d'you do, Mrs. Potter?" Miss Ellis was most cordial. "When did you get in town? The darlin' baby! And both the little girls too. My! Aren't you tired out this hot afternoon? Just set down here, Mrs. Potter. You came in to do some buyin', I suppose?"

"Yes'm. I thought I'd get me and the girls fitted out with hats, though it's pretty late to be gettin' them."

Her sunburnt face flushed a little.

"Oh, we have some nice hats left, Mrs. Potter, though, of course, the stock's a little picked over. Shall we take yon first? Oh, the little girls? Let's see. What are their names? Oh, yes; Mary and Lucy. All right. We have the very things"—

Miss Ellis helped their mother untie their bonnets in preparation for the ceremony of trying on. The little girls were frightened at first, but they grew dazed with joy when they found themselves radiantly hatted, one with blue flowers and ribbons, the other with pink.

At last they knew them for their very own. The rubbers were slipped under their proudly lifted chins, and it was Mrs. Potter's turn.

"You can put the baby here." Miss Ellis offered a cushioned armchair. "Poor little thing—it's all tired out," and "it," who was, in truth, of feminine gender and labeled "Alva Jane," was gently deposited, warm and red and sound asleep, on the calico cushion.

Mrs. Potter brushed at her black dress and felt nervously at her black hat. It was very old, and the felt and the ribbons were dusty and limp.

She put it on a chair beside her and smoothed vainly at her roughened, faded hair. Her face was lined and weary, and her eyes, which were blue and should have been pretty, were reddened from the sun and wind.

She stood passively while Miss Ellis selected a hat and placed it on her head. It was a large hat, with a softly drooping brim, with mounds of chiffon and big pink roses.

Mrs. Potter looked almost timidly into the glass, and then she forgot that she was stiff and tired from her ride and that her face was dusty and her hair stringy. She was gazing at the mirrored reflection of the hat.

"That certainly does look good on you, Mrs. Potter," said Miss Ellis, who was a milliner of business rather than aesthetic principles.

"Oh, do you think so?" Mrs. Potter hesitated.

She reached up and felt nervously of a pink rose with her brown hand, awkward in the black cotton mitt.

"Well, I certainly do. Just look at them roses. And the amount of pink chiffon that's on that hat—it's sure the hat for you, Mrs. Potter," Miss Ellis went on encouragingly, but her customer was not listening to her at all. She was looking into the mirror at something for which Miss Ellis had not the gift of sight.

She saw a girl's face, sweet and pretty, with pink cheeks, and big blue eyes, and golden brown hair. And shading it was the wonderful hat of chiffon and roses.

The reflected face, which Miss Ellis would have said was old looking and very tired, flushed, and the eyes brightened and filled a little. Mrs. Potter, with the glory of her vision upon her, turned to the milliner.

"It's like one I had the summer Will and I was married," she said. "He liked it. He said it just suited me." The flush deepened. "I believe I'll take it if it's not too high and you think"—

Mary and Lucy had recovered from the awe of their new hats and were playing hide and seek among the counters.

Mary ran around to where her mother stood. Mary was used to her mother in a chronically old blue calico sunbonnet or the black felt with the rusty, crumpled ribbon, but this! Mary had not known her mother fifteen years ago, and she did not understand.

She looked a moment, puzzled and dismayed.

"Why, mamma!" she said slowly and then gurgled in delighted appreciation of the joke.

"Oh, Lucy!" she cried gleefully and dragged her sister around where she could see. "Come and look at mamma. Ain't she funny in that pretty hat?"

Mrs. Potter turned suddenly again to the glass.

The light from a back window fell glaringly across her. She saw the pink billows of chiffon and the roses and the soft white brim drooping over her tanned face. The glass blurred before her. She could hardly think or move for a minute.

Then she roused herself and lifted the hat from her head. Her rough fingers caught in the soft chiffon as she set it down.

"I guess I won't get my hat today, after all, Miss Ellis," she said dully. "Come on, children; your pa'll be waiting for us."

And she pinned on the old black felt.

ENERGY OF THE SUN.

Intensity of the Light and Heat it Sheds Upon Our Universe.

By a series of curious experiments scientific men have gained a fair idea of the intensity of light and heat from the sun as compared with earthly instruments.

When the sun is at the zenith, or directly overhead, its light is equal to seventy-five electric lights placed only three feet from the observer. Yet an electric light is too dazzling for any one to gaze steadily at it. And as compared with Sirius, which is the brightest in the heavens, the light of the sun is 20,000,000 times more brilliant.

The intensity of solar heat on our globe varies greatly, in a way that sunlight does not, the former being affected by locations, altitudes, changes of the atmosphere and many causes.

It has been estimated, however, that the total quantity of heat which the earth receives from the sun each year is enough to melt a layer of ice covering the entire globe and having a thickness of a hundred feet.

But this is only a very small portion of the whole amount of heat given out by the sun. The total solar heat is enough to melt every day a layer of ice ten and one-half miles thick, about the entire sun, or, to take Professor Tyndall's comparison, the sun's heat emitted in one hour is equal to that produced by burning a seam of coal sixteen and one-half miles thick.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

CONCEITED JAILBIRDS.

To Have Been In Prison Is a Mark of Culture In Nigeria.

In the land of the Niger, says Mr. P. Amaury Talbot in the London Times, little or no stigma attaches to jailbirds.

In fact, prison residence is often regarded as conferring the mark of culture and distinction. The last governor of Southern Nigeria once complimented a chief of the interior on his knowledge of English, to which the man replied with a proud air: "Of course I be fit to talk English mouth! I learn all that when I live long time for prison."

Such residence is indeed looked upon as giving a sort of official status. At Calabar some prisoners were out cleaning the road when a clerk, dressed in the height of fashion, high collar, patent leather boots and the smartest of suits, went by. In passing he flicked one of the bending laborers with a little swagger cane he was carrying. At once the aggrieved party sprang erect. "What!" he exclaimed, with splendid contempt. "You dare touch me! You factory man! Look-a me!" Here he pointed to the broad arrows prominently displayed over his simple vest and loin cloth. "I be government man! See here!"

And the dandy passed on thoroughly abashed.

The Fattest Race.

How is it that the Danes as a race are fat? Professor Lyde states that "from one end of Denmark to the other you will not find a really thin man." And he gives rather a quaint reason for it. "The growth of dairy farming in Denmark tends to make men lazy. The private houses adjoin the byres, which are kept at a uniformly warm temperature, and the people are employed in warm buildings, living chiefly on milk and cereals. The men get so lazy that they will not take the trouble to cut up their food." And then comes this delightful conclusion: "This state of things has produced a nation of housewives who excel all others in varieties of sandwiches, which can be munched all day long." And thus is produced the fattest race in Europe, and we get a hint for a real rest cure.—Manchester Guardian.

Treating a Corn.

Whether a corn is treated at home or by a chiropodist, the treatment is the same. It consists of applying to the surface an acid (the most commonly used being salicylic) mixed with collodion and ether. The ether evaporates, leaving a layer of collodion to hold the acid while this does its work. After applying this regularly for four or five days the foot is soaked in hot water, when the corn can be picked out in one piece, leaving a hole, which quickly fills up. Some chiropodists eat the corn out by repeated applications of nitric acid, picking away the parts of the corn destroyed at each treatment. Every time you cut a corn yourself you run the risk of blood poisoning.—New York World.

Nothing Doing.

A little four-year-old, a most attractive little fairy, suddenly lost interest in Sunday school. She had enjoyed so much learning about Moses that her mother could not understand the change of attitude.

"Why don't you want to go, daughter?" she asked.

"Oh," was the astonishing reply, "I don't like to go to Sunday school since Moses died." Woman's Home Companion.

Her Telltale Lips.

"You have been kissing another man."

"You have no right to say that," declared the girl.

"Then I withdraw it. But I preferred to believe that than to think you had been chewing tobacco."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Better to Admonish.

It is better to admonish than to reproach, for the one is mild and friendly, the other harsh and offensive. The one corrects the faulty; the other only convicts them.—Epictetus.

CURIOUS CLIFF HOUSES.

Queer Prehistoric Dwellings In Mesa Verde National Park.

The Mesa Verde National park is situated in southwestern Colorado and may best be reached from Mancos. Within the park are many notable prehistoric ruins, the cliff dwellings comprising a group of great importance to the study of American archaeology. The principal and most accessible ruins are the Spruce Tree House, Cliff palace, Balcony House and Tunnel House.

Spruce Tree House is located in the head of Spruce Tree canyon, a branch of Navajo canyon. It originally contained about 130 rooms, built of dressed stone laid in adobe mortar, with the outside tiers chinked with chips of rock and broken pottery.

Cliff palace is located about two miles east of Spruce Tree House, in a left branch of Cliff canyon, and consists of a group of houses with ruins of 146 rooms, including twenty round kivas or ceremonial rooms and a tapering loopholed tower forming a crescent of about 100 yards from horn to horn, which is reputed to be one of the most famous works of prehistoric man in existence.

Balcony House, a mile east of Cliff palace, in Ruin canyon, contains about twenty-five rooms, some of which are in almost perfect condition.

Tunnel House, about two miles south of Spruce Tree House, contains about twenty rooms and two kivas, connected by an elaborate system of underground passages, and a burial ground of 5,000 square feet. In each of these villages is an elaborate system of fortification, with in some cases walls 2.3 feet thick and twenty feet high, watchtowers thirty feet high and blockhouses pierced with small loopholes for arrows.

THE DRY BATTERY.

Its Many Uses and the Numerous Processes In Its Making.

That common little object, the dry cell, has played an important part in the advancement of scientific research. There are few articles manufactured that are used in so many ways as the dry battery, yet it is by no means a recent discovery.

The automobile, motorboat, wireless telegraphic apparatus, Christmas tree festoons, electric toys and trains, electric engines, local bell, telephone and annunciator systems, miniature lighting equipments, medical batteries and vibrators, electric alarm clocks, burglar alarms, automatic door openers, safe cracking devices and infernal machines in their many forms, devices for setting off dynamite explosions in excavations, the various testing outfits and electric clock service, to say nothing of the divers ways that it is used in scientific experiments, are a few of the most obvious of its applications.

In its manufacture there are about as many processes as are necessary in the making of a tungsten lamp, and the machinery process that makes it and compounds the ingredients that go into it is wonderfully interesting. So exact is the formula placed into each shell that when completed a battery will register up to a uniform amperage. The highest known amperage in the manufacture of a dry cell is twenty-six.

The exact origin of the dry battery is uncertain, many inventors having claimed the honor.—New York World.

Cheap Power.

Natural steam coming up through the ground is a cheap power for running an engine in the northern Tuscany mountains. Lakes of hot water in the vicinity of the steam holes contain much boracic acid, and a manufacturing company uses the natural steam to run machinery for extracting the valuable boracic acid from the lake water. The only difficulty in this pleasant state of affairs is that the steam itself is so highly charged with boracic acid that it would injure the blades of a turbine engine, so the steam is used to heat up an ordinary boiler, and the steam from the boiler is then used in the turbine. The steam is caused by volcanic action and comes up through blowholes at a considerable pressure.—Saturday Evening Post.

Just Run Into It.

Elements mix in a railroad station, but that of humor predominates. The other day a man entered the Grand Central hurriedly. He afterward explained he had to meet a country cousin coming in. He rushed over to a friend who knew of his errand.

"Am I late?" he asked.

"No; the train just ran into the station," he was told.

"Ran into it!" he blurted. "Was anybody hurt?"—New York Tribune.

Conflicting.

"What's the matter?" a colleague asked of the advertising manager.

"Matter enough. The fools have placed Mme. Soprano's testimonial for a cold cure on the same page with the announcement that she had a sore throat and couldn't sing."—Topeka Journal.

A Modern Pierrot.

"Fraulein Rose, if you only knew how I loved you! When I meet you on Monday morning my heart wags with joy till Saturday evening like a lamb's tail."—Fliegende Blatter.

Kept In the Dark.

Warden—Well, are you willing to confess? Voice From the Dungeon—No, sir. I'm as much in the dark as ever.—Buffalo Express.

No man who will not make an effort for himself need apply for aid to his friends.—Demosthenes.

The Divorcing Umbrella

How It Settled the Trip to New York

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

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Benjamin Franklin Todd sat down on the plush seat beside his wife of two hours and thirty-seven minutes, pulled down his white waistcoat to fit snugly that portion of his anatomy that it was intended to fit, and peered past Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Todd into the mystery of the darkening train shed.

"Huh!" he exclaimed, puffing out his chest proudly. "The folks back home said we couldn't get to N'York city alone, did they? I'll show 'em. Why, Pansy, the worst is over; we're on the right train, anyway."

"They don't know how smart my Benjy is," she averred cooingly. "Course we'll get there!"

Benjy assumed an expression of vast pride. He was bursting into speech when a sudden panicky thought forced the glance of his china blue eyes upward toward the baggage rack overhead.

He made a quick mental inventory of his and his bride's belongings.

"Pansy!" The shrill treble held a note of utter horror. "I forgot the umbreller!" he wailed.

A glance at his watch reassured him that the train would not leave for six minutes.

"Oh, Benjy! And it was our weddin' present from Uncle Elihu!"

"I'll get it. It's in the lunch room," he declared, with importance.

"You'll get left sure," worried his wife. "Don't go, Benjy. It'd be just awful to get separated so soon."

"Leave it to me," ordered the young husband. "If you're nervous while I'm gone just walk to the very last car of the train, an' you can see me comin' back."

He trotted through the car and hopped down the steps.

A boy in a shabby uniform and visored cap passed close by.

"Say, boy," piped Benjy, "want a job?"

"Don't mind," said the boy sadly.

"My umbreller. I left it in the restaurant. Upstairs, you know—across there. It's a weddin' present. You bring it here, an'—an' I'll fix you up, I will."

"A' right, a' right." The boy turned away wearily. "Wait here," he threw over his shoulder.

Benjy waited obediently, but nervously. When he was sure that the boy had been gone half an hour at least he looked at his watch. There was still a minute to spare. He grasped the hand rail of the last car and held on with grim determination. At any rate the train could not escape him.

A tall, gangling man in overalls, carrying a lantern and hammer, passed, regarding him curiously.

"Hey!" called Benjy. "Train f'r N'York leave on this track?" he queried to make conversation.

"Yep—track 13."

The bridegroom shivered; he was naturally superstitious. The next moment he caught sight of the boy coming through the gate with the precious umbrella in his hand.

"Here y'are!" said the boy, holding out the umbrella, ferrule first.

Mr. Todd offered a dime, which was scornfully rejected, augmented the fee with a quarter and turned to fly, coming into violent contact with his gangling friend.

"Where ye goin'?"

"To catch my train!" gasped Benjy.

"Too late; it's went," said the tall one placidly.

The belated bridegroom's hands shot up and clutched the reassuring brass rail again.

"It ain't went! It ain't went!" he shrilled. "I've got aholt of it!"

With the contemptuous calmness of his class, the railroad man pulled Benjamin Franklin to one side and pointed. The car had been left.

"My wife! My wife!" shrieked the youthful husband wildly. "Oh, what will I do? I've lost my wife!"

"Come with me."

They raced across tracks, through car vestibules, up a flight of iron stairs and burst into a large room where a myriad of telegraph instruments chattered their unintelligible gossip all at once.

To Benjy they seemed to mock his plight in a gay abandon of meaningless sound. The overalls came to a halt beside a young man with a green shade over his eyes, whose fingers rested idly for a fraction of a second on his key.

"Herb, this kid's lost his mother—I mean his wife. She went out on 44. Shoot a message to Clancy, will yer? An' see 'f you c'n get 'em together again."

"All right; catch 'im at Brightside," Herb complied. "Name? Description?" he barked, glancing at Benjy.

"She—she's a big, tall girl," blurted her husband—"about two inches taller 'n me, an' "—

Herb snickered. "Go on," he ordered crisply.

"An' her name's Pansy Butterworth."

Herb was calling BS, BS. "Got 'em," he grunted.

"Wait! No, it ain't!" cried the forgetful husband. "It useter be Pansy Butterworth, but it's Mrs. Todd now—Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Todd. Have you got her on the end of the wire?" he asked anxiously, biting his finger nails.

"I've caught Clancy at Brightside. He'll answer from Newville."

"Better come outside," urged the guide. "Be about five minutes before you c'n get an answer."

Benjy walked out of the stuffy room in a daze, the tall man going off about his own affairs with the promise that he would return shortly.

The crisp air cleared Mr. Todd's brain somewhat, bringing a sharp realization of his unfortunate predicament. Of course Pansy would be found soon, but would he have the nerve to continue that perilous journey to New York after his ignominious blunder?

He clinched his pudgy fists and stamped one tiny foot in impotent anger.

His high friend jogged his elbow.

"Time fer yer answer," he remarked.

Again they confronted Herb.

"Anything doin'?"

"Got Clancy all right. He says there is no such party on the train." Herb grabbed a pencil and became intensely interested in the dot and dashed remarks of a man down the line.

"I've lost her! I've lost her!"

Benjy's wail drowned momentarily the brassy voices of the sounders.

A thick set, iron gray man strode into the room with an authoritative manner.

He glanced sharply at the tiny figure in his path.

"What's the trouble?" he rasped.

"My wife!" choked Benjy. "She's alone in this town an' I ain't with her to pertect her. It's all because the train pulled out on me an' I had aholt of it all the time, an' "—

"Here! Start that all over again," cut in the thick set man bruskly.

Painfully Benjy retraced his declamatory steps and recited his tale of woe.

The human interest element of his story met with no response; his hearer was evidently thinking of more weighty practical matters.

"An' there I was," moaned the little fellow in conclusion, "holdin' on to the last car f'r dear life an'—an' the train just busted in the middle an' up an' went."

The thick set man's frown evinced his sudden interest. Here was something worthy his attention. This was more important than interrupted honeymoons—something practical.

"Somebody call Barton and Manning," he ordered in a flintlike voice.

Two men in uniform appeared and fairly groveled before their irate chief.

"Say," he burst out, "that's the second time this week that you fellows have left a dead car on 13. What do you think we're running here—a civilized station or a guessing contest—hey? I don't suppose the car was placarded, hey?"

No answer except a confused murmur and the scuffling of feet.

"Suppose you left the doors unlocked, too, hey?"

The gangling car inspector had a perfectly good thought. It flashed forth, sending a look of almost human intelligence across his masklike countenance.

He nudged Benjy. "Be back in a minute," he whispered as he dived through the door.

Benjamin Franklin had an indistinct impression that he was overhearing two men getting theirs in no uncertain terms. But he had a decidedly more distinct impression of what he should say to Ma and Pa Butterworth when he returned to Bayfield—alone. Pa was not so bad; he was a sort of weak sister himself.

But Ma Butterworth! The tears coursed frankly down the bridegroom's round cheeks at the thought and dripped dolefully on his gala waistcoat.

His grim reverie was interrupted by the reappearance of the gangling one, who thrust his head in at the door.

"Found her!" he announced laconically.

An amazing leap brought Mr. Todd to the threshold. Two more landed him at the foot of the stairs. By dint of the utmost effort he kept the flying overalls in sight, over tracks again and through vestibules.

They came to a final stop beside the fatal car.

"Seen her inside," vouchsafed the inspector and discreetly disappeared.

Benjy flew up the stairs and paused. In the superexalted cerebration with which the next moment was fraught burst into refulgent being the reputation for impregnable strength that would be his forever—so far as his wife was concerned.

He opened the door and entered the car jauntily.

There, among her various belongings, sat Pansy in the sharp radiance cast through the car window by an arc light outside.

"Hello, Pansy!" he greeted her easily. "You all right?"

"When is this train goin' to start?" she asked, a bit anxiously.

"The train f'r N'York? Oh, that's went," said Benjy in an offhand manner. "You don't care such an awful lot about goin' there, do you?"

"I don't much care where we are"—she glanced at him coyly—"so long as we're there together."

"That's the way I figured it out," said Benjy, his chest swelling perceptibly. "You see, I sent a boy f'r the umbreller—here 'tis—an' he didn't come, an' I got nervous. When it got along about train time, course I knew that you'd come into the last car like I told you—an'—an' "—Benjy gave free rein to his imagination. "I told a railroad feller to uncouple it—I didn't want you to have to change again. He kinder kicked at first, but I slipped him—a—a quarter."

Pansy looked up, admiring, awestruck.

"My, but you're smart, Benjy!" she murmured, adopting then and there her lifelong mental attitude.

REPAIRING STATE ROADS

$10,000 Authorized for Centre-Clearfield-Clinton-Indiana District.

Nearly four thousand men are laboring at top speed all over the State repairing highways and while some improvement has been noticed in the condition of the roads, officials of the State Highway Department assert that it will be several weeks before a general idea can be gained of the vast amount of work that is being done. The fiscal officers of the Commonwealth, after prolonged litigation in which they were defeated, agreed to pay over to the State Highway Commissioner the automobile funds necessary to insure good roads throughout the State. The amount involved in the 1914 fund was approximately $1,150,000 while $250,000 remained from the unexpended portion of the 1913 funds.

In view of the lateness of the season and the vast amount of work to be done in filling up holes, cleaning out ditches, culverts and gutters, and shaping up and rolling the highways, the Dept. Highway has decided not to begin resurfacing on State Highways until the general conditions of the roads has been improved. A fact not generally understood is that the automobile license money is the only fund available for repairing, maintenance or construction of State Highways. There is an unexpended balance for the maintenance and repair of State-Aid Highways and the State Highway Department has been working on these roads. The amount of State-Aid maintenance money now remaining is about $25,000.

From time to time additional authorizations will be made by the Maintenance Divison for repairs on these roads. On many of these State-Aid highways the repairs are extensive including resurfacing with bituminous material and a practical reconstruction of the road to secure a better and more lasting highway.

In the District comprising Centre, Clearfield, Clinton and Indiana Counties maintenance work aggregating $10,384.69 has been authorized to date this year. In Clearfield County $200 is being expended in maintenance work on the road extending from the borough line of Clearfield to the intersection of the road with Glen Richey. In Sandy Township, Clearfield County, $200 was expended in maintenance on the 12,300 feet of macadam road running from DuBois borough to Brady Township line known as the Brady road. In Decatur Township, Clearfield County, $41.76 is needed for repairs on the 14,045 feet of macadam road commencing at Moshannon near Philipsburg and extending out the old Erie Pike to a point near Graham Station on the road to Blue Ball. The road running from Woodland Village at Penna. Railroad to Lawrence Township through Bradford Township, Clearfield County a distance of 21,352 feet of brick and telford macadam construction will need $150 for repairs. In Lawrence Township, Clearfield County, the brick and macadam road connecting with Clearfield borough at Daisy Street in Bradford Township to the intersection of the road in Bradford Township a distance of one and one-half miles will need $50 for repairs.

$340 10 was expended in White Township, Indiana County, on a road beginning on Jacksonville road where Stony River crosses it to a point on top of the hill near the B. R. & P. tunnel.

In Clinton County, Lamar Township one and one-half miles of telford macadam road built in 1909 running from the borough line of Mill Hall following the line of the old turnpike near the village of Salona is taking $917.14 to repair, a force of men and a team having been at work there.

Explanation of Labor Laws.

The Commissioner of Labor and Industry, John Price Jackson, finds that there are certain phases of the labor laws relating to minors which are not fully understood throughout the Commonwealth. Thus, it is not known by all that children under fourteen are not permitted to be employed during the school vacation, or at any other time, and that those between fourteen and sixteen are required to have school employment certificates during the school vacation period exactly the same as are required for other periods of the year. These school employment certificates may be obtained from the superintendent or principal of the district in which the child resides.

It is also found that here and there employers are not aware that they must not only post and keep posted copies of the minor and female Labor Laws, schedules giving the names of such employees, and other classifications as to ages, etc. Copies of these laws and the necessary schedules can be obtained from the Department of Labor and Industry, Harrisburg, Pa., upon application.

The Department of Labor and Industry started out in its work for advancing the safety and health of the employees and gaining an observance of the various labor laws, by asking for the cooperation and help of all affected. This has been given generously and cheerfully throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth. The Department Staff, therefore, is very anxious that the knowledge of the laws should be widely disseminated in order that there might not be any infractions thereof from lack of knowledge.

Read "The Republican" $1.00 a year in advance.

The Means And the End

A Question of Law and How a Judge Decided It

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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Enderby was a pitiable spectacle; he was the picture of abject despair as he walked up and down the big office, not daring to look at Beatty, who sat at his desk, staring at his perturbed visitor with mingled amazement and contempt.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the lawyer, as if he could not fathom the depth of Enderby's depravity or realize what he had done, "that you have looted the Home Savings bank?"

"I have," answered Enderby, with increasing nervousness.

"But why on earth"—

"What's the use of dwelling on that? I told you the truth when I came in. What I want to know now is what's to be done?"

"Done? You ought to go to the penitentiary for it," returned the lawyer sternly.

"Yes, I know that too. I don't need a lawyer to tell me that. What I want to know is how to keep out of it."

"How much did you take?"

"In round numbers, $50,000."

"Speculation, I suppose?"

"Yes; sure thing at first and then more to recoup."

"The usual story."

The lawyer thought deeply. Enderby watched him in terrible anxiety. It was he who finally broke the silence.

"You know that Texas land I have?"

"Yes."

"It may be worth a great deal of money in a short time."

"I have investigated it," said Beatty, "for some of my clients who have holdings there. It is worth nothing now, but it is possible, if the railroad project goes through, that it may eventually sell for a good round sum."

"Yes, and if it is worth anything my share will be worth $50,000," said Enderby.

"Well?"

"If you will get me out of this I will give you a deed to the land."

"As a fee?" asked the lawyer coolly, his eyes very bright and hard.

"I hadn't thought of it that way," faltered Enderby. "I meant it as restitution, to pay back what I had—stolen."

"Well, that has saved your life, Enderby. If you had offered me that money to compound a felony, by heaven I would have kicked you out of the office. But if you are willing to deed that land to me to hold in trust and if anything is realized out of it to pay it over to the stockholders of the bank I'll try to get you out."

"I am glad to do it," said Enderby earnestly. "And whatever you are going to do, judge, will have to be done quickly. The bank examiners will be here tomorrow, and I can't cover it up any longer."

"How much money will there be in the vaults when you close tonight?"

"I don't know exactly, possibly $60,000."

"Can you get hold of it?"

"Why, of course. I can take everything in the bank."

"And you say your stealings amounted to $50,000?"

"Yes, in round numbers, maybe a little more or a little less."

"Well, then, go to the bank, get $50,000 in cash and bring it to me."

"You mean that I am to steal $50,000 more?"

"I didn't say anything about stealing it, did I? I said go get it out of the vaults and bring it to me, and I will do my best to get you clear."

"Very well," said Enderby. "I don't understand, but I will do what you say."

At 4 o'clock the president of the Home Savings bank came into the lawyer's office again.

"Well," asked Judge Beatty, "have you got it?"

"Yes," said Enderby, producing a bulky package of bills, "here it is."

The lawyer took the package, counted the bills methodically, satisfying himself that the full amount had been handed to him.

"It's all right," he said. "Now the deed for this land."

"Here it is," said Enderby again, handing the paper to him.

"Good," said Beatty after properly examining it. "Now you go home, don't come down to the bank in the morning, get sick, go to bed, keep away."

The next morning, very early indeed—about 6 o'clock, in fact—the officers and directors of the Home Savings bank, except the president, who was ill and confined to his bed, were summoned peremptorily to meet immediately at the law office of Judge Beatty, the leading attorney of the town.

The character of the messages each received was such as to bring them all there without delay, some of them coming without waiting for the formality of breakfast even.

"Gentlemen," said Judge Beatty when they were all assembled, "I have news of a most distressing character to communicate to you as officers and directors of the Home Savings bank."

"We are not all here yet," said Fowler, the vice president. "Mr. Enderby, our president, is ill."

"I know it. He won't be here, and it is because of that fact that I took the liberty of asking you to meet me here before the bank opened."

"Is anything wrong?" asked Mellen, one of the directors.

"I am sorry to say there is."

"With the bank?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Mr. Enderby has embezzled $100,000 for speculation purposes and is short just that much."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the vice president. "That will ruin the bank when it gets known."

"Undoubtedly," answered Judge Beatty amid the great perturbation of the other directors. "It rests with you, gentlemen, however, as to whether it gets known or not."

"With us?"

"Certainly. The bank is a fine business proposition for a small town, yet such a defalcation would seriously cripple it, and a run following would ruin it. Now, if you gentlemen want to save the bank and protect your depositors it can be done."

"You haven't called us here, I am sure," said the vice president hopefully, "without having something in mind. What is it?"

"This," said the judge. "Enderby has a number of friends here who are willing to back up their friendship for him with hard money. If you gentlemen will guarantee to keep the thing absolutely secret among yourselves and to refrain from prosecuting Enderby, who will, of course, resign from the presidency and the directorate and move away, his friends will raise $50,000 in cash, and they will place the amount in your hands today."

"If we should accept this offer," said the vice president, amid a general murmur of excitement, "and the ten of us who are here should each put up $5,000, the defalcation would be made good?"

"It would," said Judge Beatty promptly. "The bank would be on a sound financial basis once more, and the $50,000 would be paid back from the profits which are certain under judicious management."

"And if we don't accept this offer?" asked Williams, the cashier.

"The bank goes to the wall, you lose at least $100,000 cold cash and whatever else might be involved in a disastrous and expensive liquidation and the small depositors suffer terribly."

"In other words, you are offering us 50 cents on the dollar," remarked Director Taylor.

"Enderby promises to make good the defalcation; he has certain matters pending of little value now, but which may bring in large returns. I am not able to say just what they will be, but he has put the matter in my hands, and if the returns come in as he expects and as I expect, too, I will be quick to turn over to the bank enough to make good the defalcation."

"What evidence have we got of that?" asked the vice president.

"My word of honor, sir."

"But aren't we all compounding a felony?" asked Director Williams.

"Well," answered the lawyer, "I am afraid, if you ask for a legal opinion on that point, that we are. For my part I don't mind telling you frankly that I am doing it to save the depositors in this bank."

"Mr. Vice President," said a director, "I move you that we accept Judge Beatty's offer in behalf of Enderby, and if he will turn over to us $50,000 in cash we jointly and severally agree to say nothing to any one about the defalcation, and that we further agree to make good the amount over and above the said $50,000 and to reorganize and carry on the bank under new management."

"I second the motion," said the cashier.

"I suppose there is nothing to do but put the motion," said the vice president. "Are you ready for the question, gentlemen?"

And thereafter the motion was immediately adopted unanimously.

Beatty took from his safe the $50,000 in bills which Enderby had handed him the night before, the wrappings and anything else that would have identified it as having come from the bank having been destroyed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there is your money. Here also is an agreement which I have drawn up embodying the substance of our arrangement, which you will be good enough to sign."

"Gentlemen," said the vice president, "a document of this kind you will all sign with me, and, Judge Beatty, I think you had better sign it too."

"Certainly," said the judge. "As I am to be its custodian, I have no objection."

"That is all, I take it?" asked the vice president.

"That is all," answered the old attorney, "and, while legally our action is distinctly improper, I think we have acted for the best interest of the stockholders and depositors of the bank, especially of the latter."

"Yes, but I would like to get my hands on that scoundrel Enderby. I'd have trusted him with anything," said one of the directors.

"Leave Enderby to me," said Judge Beatty. "He is suffering enough now, and I think he has had a lesson that will last him. I believe that he will pay back all that he took, too, but that's in the future. Good morning, gentlemen."

"Now," said the judge to himself after they had departed as he sat down at the desk and stared at the Texas land deed—which, to anticipate, did finally bring enough to cover the defalcation—"I certainly broke the law of the land. Have I transgressed the moral law, or have I not? I have undoubtedly saved Enderby; I have saved the small depositors; I have saved the bank. Has the end in this instance justified the means, I wonder?"

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Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Hatching Eggs In Rice.

Certain of the Chinese in the interior districts adjacent to Amoy employ a somewhat unusual method for hatching both hens' and ducks' eggs. The breeder first takes a quantity of unhusked rice and roasts it, cooling it down by fanning or allowing the wind to blow through until it is lukewarm. He then spreads a three inch layer of the rice in a wooden tub and places about 100 eggs thereon; another layer of rice, this second and subsequent layers being but two inches in thickness, is spread over the eggs. Each tub has six layers of rice and five layers of eggs, so that there are 500 eggs in each tub. The rice is heated once every twenty-four hours, the eggs being taken out at such times. The chicks and ducklings are produced in twenty to thirty days.—London Globe.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:06 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILRO On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, trains will run as follows from the P. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.36
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.36
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.28
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.36
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.36
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

Here and There.

Robbins' circus next Monday.

W. R. Gilligan went to Scranton this week for a visit of several days.

George B. Thompson, of Alto, was a business visitor in town last Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Ball, of Lock Haven, were motor visitors to Bellefonte on Monday.

Andrew Fravel and J. C. Rumberger spent the Sabbath greeting old friends in Philipsburg.

David Chambers, James F. Uzzle and S. T. Hepburn, all of Snow Shoe, were business visitors in town yesterday.

James B. Cook motored to Bellefonte on Friday of last week and visited over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook.

The ladies of the United Brethren Church will hold a festival Saturday evening, August the first on Gamble's lawn on Thomas street.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz came up from Philadelphia on Sunday to enjoy a few days mingling with home friends. Mrs. Kurtz has been visiting at Somerset for some time past.

Miss Margaret Cook and her sister, Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, the latter of Rutherford, N. J., are expected to arrive in Bellefonte tomorrow to visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook.

Dr. H. M. Hiller, of Chester, closed his camp along Fishing Creek on Tuesday and after spending a few days at home will go to Michigan where he will camp for a time along some streams noted for trout and bass.

Mahlon and Paul, sons of Prothonotary D. R. Foreman, on Monday went to Philipsburg for a visit with their grandmother, Mrs. Beulah Smith. Mrs. Foreman and daughter, Lois, will go to Philipsburg probably today or tomorrow.

George Johnson and family, of Pittsburgh, visited several days this week with Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Morris. Yesterday the latter were hosts on a motor trip to the Fairview Country Club, at Penna. Furnace. Mr. Johnson is president of the Pittsburgh Limestone Compnp.

W. Harrison Walker has purchased the home at present occupied by the H. C. Quigley family, on East Linn Street, and will take possession when the Quigleys move into their new home, recently purchased from Edward R. Richard. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Casebeer will occupy the present home of Mr. Walker.

Contractor Henry Lowry, who has been at work for the last five or six weeks building a tipple for the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., at Staub Hill, near Snow Shoe, was home over Sunday. He has been busy putting the finishing touches to the contract this week. The tipple is 165 feet long and 18 feet high and is so constructed with scales that cars of coal are weighed as they pass through and without stopping.

John M. Shugert last week purchased a Chalmers Six through the Beezer agency. On Saturday evening Mr. Shugert, accompanied by John Curtin, Charles A. Morris, George A. Beezer and Ad Fauble, went to Harrisburg where he secured the car and the party drove home on Sunday, arriving here early that evening. Mr. Shugert recently sold his Flanders runabout to Joseph L. Montgomery.

Burgess Edmund Blanchard last Saturday ordered Policemen Dukeman and Dunlap to take note on Sunday of every violation of the new traffic ordinance regulations, which regulate speed, location of cars standing on the streets, etc The orders of Burgess Blanchard were carried out to the letter, with the result that twelve violations were reported. As if to contribute some humor to the incident, the reports showed violations by two members of the Borough Council which adopted the traffic ordinance.

The fall term of the Central State Normal School, located at Lock Haven, will open Monday, Sept. 7. This school offers great educational advantages at a small cost. All of its departments for the coming year will be in charge of thoroughly trained and experienced teachers, and under close supervision. The buildings and the equipment of the school are in first-class condition. Persons desiring to enter a strong preparatory school or a fine training school for teachers should communicate with

Chas. Lose, Principal.

Fishermen tramping along Fishing Creek a few evenings ago noted a curious incident. One of the party, while standing at the edge of the stream heard a splash in the water a few feet distant and on investigating observed an 11-inch sucker floundering about in the shallow water. He supposed that the sucker was fastened with a string to the overhanging brush and paid no further attention to it. When the splashing of the water was repeated a second investigation was made, and then it was found that a 3-foot water snake had its jaws firmly fastened apon the sucker's mouth and little by little was pushing the fish onto the shore. It was only after a second blow with a club had killed the snake that its jaws relaxed and released the sucker, which soon revived and disappeared in the deep water. The sucker's head was twice as large as the snake's body.

The Meek camp along Fishing Creek was closed on Tuesday.

Miss Olive Steele was a visitor yesterday to Lakemont Park.

T. H. Harter is camping near Selinsgrove, while fishing for bass.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings is entertaining Mrs. McCormick, of Harrisburg.

Mrs. H. S. Cooper arrived in Bellefonte today and is visiting with her aunts, the Misses Benner.

W. T. Twitmire went to Altoona on Wednesday afternoon to participate in the Methodist Day services at Lakemont Park today.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum was among the visitors yesterday to Lakemont Park, Altoona, to participate in the Methodist Day services.

Upward of sixty Bellefonte mechanics and laborers travel daily to and from Rock View, having employment at the new penitentiary.

Joseph J. Rhoads' two sons, who have been visiting for a short time with their aunt, Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads, returned this week to their home at Media.

Mrs. Margaret Hutchison is visiting with her grand-children, at Kane. Her daughter, Miss Fannie Hutchison, is enjoying a brief visit with friends at Potters Mills.

The Central State Normal School, located at Lock Haven, Pa., offers maximum advantages at a minimum cost. It offers free tuition to prospective teachers It is a strong preparatory school and a great Training School for teachers. Its location is ideal and the equipment is in fine condition. All of its departments are in charge of trained and experienced teachers. The fall term will open Monday, Sept. 7th. Parents desiring to find a school for their sons or daughters tha will furnish an excellent education at a small cost should write for an illustrated catalog to

Resumed Road Repairs.

George H. Yarnell and a crew of State Highway Department employes this week started work completing and repairing the State highway from Bellefonte to Lock Haven. The short stretch of road at Nittany connecting two sections of State highway, is to be completed as rapidly as possible, and various repairs will be made as needed.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice for the week ending July 25th, 1914 :

Lawrence G. Austin, Joseph L. Jones, Mrs. Anna E. Kent, Mrs. Beatrice Kingston, Mrs. Kate Mitchell, Mrs. E. M. Patterson, Theodore Schulmenn, and Miss Blanche Wilson.

Chas. Lose, Principal.

The Central State Normal School, located at Lock Haven, Pa., is about to become one of the Normal Schools under State control. All of the arrangements have been completed for the taking over of the school by the State on August 15th. The Central State Normal School has always been one of the strong schools and its list of graduates includes many prominent school people and persons influential in business and the professions. As one of the State Schools, its sphere of influence and usefulness will be greatly extended. For the latest catalog of the school, address the Principal.

Chas. Lose

Mansfield's Manner.

"Richard Mansfield possessed a dominance that never failed him, I believe. The strange thing about this is that he didn't need it. He had 'fascination' enough without it.

"That fine, dry old manager and good man, A. M. Palmer, and I were once visiting Mansfield at Southampton, and late at night Mr. Palmer would come into my room, and we would talk an hour or so. It was always about Mansfield; that was always the way if you were near him; it was inevitable that you could think or speak of little else. One night I said:

"'I think you understand him as well as any man could.'

"'Understand him?' The old man laughed in his quiet way. 'There's only one man on earth who understands Richard Mansfield. That's Richard Mansfield. Then, after a pause, he added with sudden vehemence, 'And he doesn't!'"—Booth Tarkington in Bellman

Puzzled.

The lady of the house was explaining things to the new colored maid.

"An' what's this, missus?" asked the girl, indicating a metal bottle.

"That is a bottle which will keep things either hot or cold, whichever you desire," replied the mistress.

"Well, foh the land sake," ejaculated the girl, "how is it gwine to know whether you want things hot or cold?" —Everybody's.

Out of His Mouth.

His youngest grandchild had managed to get possession of a primer and was trying to eat it.

"Pardon me for taking the words out of your mouth, little one," said the professor, hastily interposing.—Chicago Tribune.

A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature. He carries with him the germ of his most exceptional action.—George Eliot.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

HOME COMING WEEK

Methodist Churches of Half Moon Valley Plan Special Program, Aug. 16-23.

The Methodist churches of the Half Moon Charge are preparing for a "Home Coming Week" at Gray's Church, Aug. 16th to 23rd, inclusive. A number of ministers who were born within the bounds of the charge will be present and preach: also some of the former pastors. Souvenir song books will be used. The services throughout are to be evangelistic. Three services each Sunday, on week days at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. in the Locust Grove or the church as the weather may demand. A very enjoyable and profitable week is anticipated. Evening lunch, consisting of sandwiches, coffee, etc. will be sold on the grounds by the Gray's Epworth League.

It is expected that the idea of having a "Home Coming Week" will attract to old home scenes many former residents of the Half Moon Valley. A number who had planned coming home earlier in the summer for their annual vacation have deferred the visit until "Home Coming Week", so that there will in all probability be many former residents present at one time, thus affording opportunity for social greetings, reviving old friendships and making new ones.

Port Matilda Victorious.

On Thursday of last week the Port Matilda baseball club scored a 6—1 victoro over the Milesburg team. Incidentally Port Matilda put up an errorless game, while Milesburg was charged with seven errors. C. Bennett was in the pitcher's box for Port Matilda and struck out nine of the Milesburg batters. He also cracked out a two bagger. Oswalt pitched a good game for Milesburg and was credited with nine strike-outs. Bennett was somewat steadier in his control of the ball than Oswalt, giving but two men their base on balls, where as Oswalt passed four. The line-up of the opposing teams was as follows: Port Matilda—Crain, c; Williams, s s; Young, 1b; C. Bennett, p; Lytle, cf; W. Bennett, 3b; Shultz, 2b; Robison, lf; Ross, rf. Milesburg—Woodring, lf, McCullough, ss; Miles, 1b; Jones, 3b; Oswalt, p; Sheckler; 2b; Watson, cf; Shope, c; Boggs, rf; Hall, rf. Umpires—A. C. Williams, of Port Matilda, and Paul Neff, of Lock Haven.

Brief Court Session.

Judge Orvis held a brief session of court on Tuesday morning. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company presented a petition for leave to file a bond to G. C. Harvey for the appropriation of some land for enlarging a railroad siding nearby the station at Curtin. The court directed that the bond be fixed at $1000. Lemuel Warner, of Snow Shoe Intersection, is undergoing treatment at the Danville asylum. A petition was offered for the appointment of a guardian to care for his property. His daughter, Jane Warner, was thereupon appointed. James Leathers, of near Howard, presented a petition for the appointment of a guardian for his wife, who is a patient in the Danville asylum. The court appointed William Wilson.

Mrs. Margaret Troutman Dead.

Mrs. Margaret Troutman widow of the late John Troutman, died at her home in Clearfield, Saturday July 18th, 1914, of the infirmities of old age. She was well up in the eighties.

Mrs. Troutman's maiden name was Margaret Hurd and she was raised in Centre county, removing to Clearfield as a young woman in the early fifties. She was married to the late John Troutman in 1851, and they always lived in Clearfield thereafter. Her husband was engaged in the furniture, undertaking and painting business for many years. He died several years ago. They had no children. Miss Frances Shay, niece of the deceased, made her home with them for many years and is the only surviving relative in that neighborhood. One brother also survives.

Martin L. Funk Dead.

Martin L. Funk died last Thursday at his late home at WarriorsMark after an illness of some months, his death being due to affections of the kidneys and heart. He was the son of Michael and Susanna Funk, and was born October 26th, 1839. He is survived by two sisters. Mrs. Eliza J. Copelin, of Tyrone, and Miss Lydia Funk, of WarriorsMark, while one sister, Mrs. Mary A. Robertson, of Johnstown, Pa., and one brother, John M. Funk, of Los Angeles, California, are deceased. He was long an active, earnest member of the WarriorsMark Methodist Episcopal church.

Shorthand Record.

In a speed trial before Judge Sturtevant, at San Francisco, last Friday, Lasher B. Gallagher, aged 20 years, scored a record of 284 words a minute, or four words better than the maximum in the last national shorthand speed contest. Lasher was able to write as fast as anybody in the room could read to him and was easily able to translate his notes, which included a legal transcript. The young man took up shorthand but two years ago.

Mrs. Mary C. Gephart Dead.

Mrs. Mary C. Gephart, wife of John Gephart, a State Highway Department engineer, died last week at the home of a sister, Mrs. William F. Lebo, at Altoona. Deceased was a native of Altoona and was aged about 32 years.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Andrew Lytle et ux to Charles Ghaner, tract in College Twp, $120.

Charles W. Wilcox et ux to Eva Rylatt, tract in S. Philipsburg Boro, $150.

P. E. Womelsdorf Atty fact to Ervin Schnars, tract in Rush Twp, $100.

Mary E. Barr et al to William H. Stiver, tract in Potter Twp, $2666.

H. M. Hosterman et ux to Theo. Davis Boal, tract in Harris Twp, $354.57

Jonothan Tressler et ux to J. H. Ross, et al tract in Harris Twp, $2100.

Thomas Hess et ux to Dr. C. P. W. Fisher, tract in Harris Twp, $152.

James Logue et ux to Thomas C. Hess, tract in Harris Twp, $155.

H. N. McAllister et ux to Jonothan Tressler, tract in Harris Twp, $2357.

Mrs. Linn Lucas et bar to J. L. Maurer, tract in Philipsburg Boro, $2000.

Joseph W. Harvey et ux to Alice A. Harvey tract in State College $500.

Thomas James et ux to Martin Kolosky et ux tract in Rush Twp, $600.

Arthur B. Lee Sheriff to Wm. A. Thomas Trustees tract in Bellefonte Boro, $1550.

Charles D. Loraine Exr. et al to Annie C. Rowland, tract in Philipsburg Boro, $5500.

Thomas Foster et ux to Minnie O. Tripp tract in College Twp, $400.

Penna Savings Fund & Loan Association to John F. Harpster, tract in Rush Twp, $550.

John F. Harper to Paul R. Harper, tract in Rush Twp, $1.

Third Union Vesper Service.

The third union vesper service will be held next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock on the plaza in front of the High School building. The attendance last Sunday evening was much larger than at the first meeting. The air was delightful. The declining sun cast a glow of soft coloring. The twilight added a restful feature. The gospel message from the life of the venerable "Man of God", the Rev. Dr. Yocum, brought humanity's best Friend to the door of each heart. The large audience sang with a will, "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "Throw out the Life Line." The two strokes of the church bell added to the solemnity of the occasion. The whole scene, with streets and buildings surrounding, was attractive and inspiring. "Weary after a week of the world", come to this service next Sunday evening and worship Him who said: "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Skirtless Bathing Suits.

Of the new and daring bathing suit styles displayed on the Atlantic City beach this season—and there have been some which surpass anything ever seen there before—the skirtless bathing suit, shown last Sunday for the first time, was the newest and the most daring, and, incidentally, the most becoming. Nobody objected, not even the beach guards, and the idea destined to become popular there and at other resorts.

The suit consists of a sleeveless, jersey-like affair, a trifle full and gathered in at the waist, bloomers, and of course, stockings. On the beach, to be sure, the girls wear a long coat but when they get ready for the dip, off comes this garment and in they go. Nobody is the wiser, they say, and they are far more comfortable and can swim more easily than in the old-fashioned skirt suit.

The idea of the skirtless suit originated among the girls down in the fashionable Chelsea section, where they go bathing any time in skirtless suits or one-piece suits, for that matter, for there is no curious crowd to watch and criticise.

As for the skirt suits, brevity is the motive in all of them this summer. The uplift movement seems to have affected skirts in general, as far as the beach is concerned, and the modistes have made a long subject short with considerable success.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Lucian L. Musser, Minnie M. Luckenbach,	Woodward "
Ernest H. Wise, Emma M. Vonada,	Madisonburg Gregg Twp.
Ressy Vanazian, Mary Yutsiet,	Clarence "

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large and small, for bed room, desk and mantle, all sizes and designs.

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Bellefonte, Pa.

Montgomery's Big Summer Reduction Sale On

SUITS & STRAW HATS

weeks and weeks of simmering hot weather are before us, but we must close out our stock of summer suits now.

Blues, gray, black and white stripes, conservative semi English and the latest in young men's soft front styles---all must go.

Genuine Montgomery Quality suits at the

$30.00	Suits	at	$25.00
28.00	Suits	at	23.00
25.00	Suits	at	20.00
22.00	Suits	at	17.00
20.00	Suits	at	15.00
18.00	Suits	at	13.00
15.00	Suits	at	10.00

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